STATESMEN AND GADFLIES

EUGENE L. PEARCE

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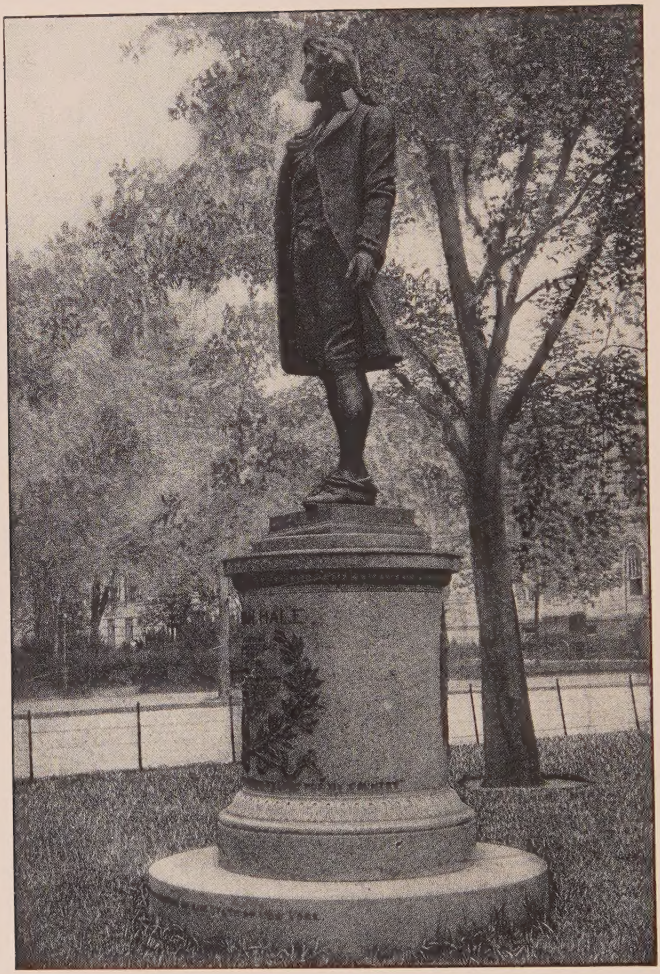

NATHAN HALE

STATESMEN AND GADFLIES

By EUGENE L. PEARCE

from
Clearwater Florida

1930

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FOREWORD

THOSE persons who examine these papers may wonder why the collection of essays, satires—diatribes, if you please—was assembled at all, and why the title.

The second query is not difficult, therefore I answer it first: In the general scheme most everything has a name, and as the writer is responsible for this collection, it seemed necessary to identify it in some way: wherefore Statesmen and Gadflies.

The first query is not so easily set aside. Perhaps after the forthcoming labored explanation, the questioner may get the author's angle:

Some two hundred years ago, there were less than ten thousand white settlers in that portion of North America now comprised in the Forty-Eight States of the Union.

These settlers were adventurers from the Old World, in most part clean of blood, bold of spirit, indomitable in energy. They owned a tradition and a name each, and not much else.

From England, Scotland, Ireland, France and The Netherlands they came in small companies. The English and Scotch predominated and the language of these Forty-Eight States is still the language of the English. They came to gain freedom from oppression,

to experience the meaning of equality, to find a land of opportunity.

So, in common with every animal which retreats from the presence of superior power and drifts into a position of superior strength, they laid the heavy hand of oppression on the Red Man, conquered and later divided the wilderness into innumerable definite portions. Eventually they took possession of the new continent in the name of a dominant white race.

A fair proportion of this first ten thousand, after driving the Indians from the vicinity of the Atlantic seaboard, under one cause of quarrel or another, settled down to the pursuits of agriculture, to trading with distant countries, to a growing passion for learning. In after years, to manufacture.

These north-east settlers founded our first institutions for general education. On the score of earliest creation of such facilities they were first. They have remained first by reason of excellence.

Now learning goes hand-in-hand with books, and the colony on the north-east seaboard soon began to print narratives and records to meet an urgent demand. It established a literature in the New World all its own, and in this year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty-nine, maintains without serious effort the cultural position won by many years of building.

So much for those who first became established after the venture across the ocean.

Part of that early band of adventurers, however, with its face to the West, moved on, continuing the battle with the wilderness and with obstructing conditions—forests, rivers, hostile Indians, cold, hunger, and unknown distance. It continued the primitive subjugation of a continent many years after comrades in the original venture, of the same blood-blends and the same religions, had established civilized, settled communities.

Later came a strong infusion of German blood. It is now possibly one-fifth of the nation. This new infusion detracted not one whit from the quality of the original settlers; for the late arrivals were and are a thrifty, hardy, courageous people. They have made good citizens. Certainly they are not more responsible for the plotting of a group of Prussian junkers than were the original Scotch and English settlers for the acts of George III.

And now for four or five decades that part of the continent covered by the Forty-Eight States has been molded into the appearance of an established and orderly government. Over its vast area we are beginning to practice the arts of peace.

It is difficult, however, for eastern cousins to believe that those who continued the great adventure into the country west of the Blue Ridge have finished with Indian fighting and the lone camp fire; for while we who adventured until recently are received po-

litely enough by the majority of eastern savants, nevertheless we have still to cross an intangible but very real barrier of prejudice. We are of the hinterland.

Is it possible for a man who has known hardship to lead two distinct lives; to possess and use widely separated journals of the mind; to live under primitive conditions; to meet elemental situations with limited facilities; arbitrarily leaving this atmosphere at intervals for the country of make-believe and the land of abstract thought? Our eastern editors seem to believe it is not ordinarily possible. Perhaps they are right.

Every day and every month for more than thirty years my men have pressed back the forest. We possess axes, grub hoes, shovels, stamina and patience. And the pine wood has slowly given ground before our steady onslaught. Only yesterday a great pile of live oak and pine stumps from the latest clearing was fired. Soon there was a blazing furnace. Into the glowing coals the bodies of two twelve-pound rattlers were tossed, and there consumed.

Ninety years ago hostile Indians departed, but a crawling death-menace still exists in the jungles of the southern woods.

And after a day of strenuous and watchful toil, it is possible to retire to a fireside enclosed by four walls, to a pipe and a book, or even to hammer a bit on a worn old typewriter.

It is true that we who are still on the border of the great woods must destroy living trees. We do it with regret, but for myself, every pine tree is replaced by an orange tree. Where the live oak grew, a grapefruit flourishes; where the magnolia bloomed, the tangerine produces fruit of gold.

We destroy, to replace with something of greater value. A tree for a tree.

That principle has not always been followed in our advance across the continent. We have shamefully wasted great natural resources, soil and timber; possibly oil and metals. But with our present able Executive, there is the probability that we shall begin to practice a sane economy, realizing at last that no resource, however great, is inexhaustible.

The essays here offered are satirical and controversial. It would seem that while satire is usually destructive, essays of this nature *may be* constructive; that something may be offered to replace the thing it was the intention to destroy; that as a forest tree may be destroyed and a more useful tree or crop replace it, so may a viewpoint be ruthlessly analyzed, and by inference something worse or better offered in its place.

America is alleged to be a land of equality despite a mortal pride* that always finds expression in little

* "Oh why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flitting meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave."

minds everywhere. It is a land of freedom—freedom of speech when a fellow-citizen is not wantonly injured thereby; freedom from oppression—but not freedom of license.

It is a land of sanity, but not an open asylum for the mentally unbalanced of the countries of Europe; for we (that first ten thousand and their descendants) believe in the family circle; that blood is thicker than water. We believe in property rights and the right of property descent. Poor, but not humble in mind, we have no jealousy or meanness of spirit toward the legitimate success of another; for opportunity is boundless.

The poor man of today may be the magnate of tomorrow. Those lost in the masses rise here and there to eminence under the law of racial average.

For a time, short but eventful, we have been in the family of nations. Not yet do we know our ultimate fate, but young and virile, guided by the spirit of those first pioneers, we march with sure and confident step.

In these papers expressed opinions have been used as a foil to define a differing attitude touching certain fundamentals. Perhaps it is an inherited attitude: some faint reflex of the life plasm, filtering down through the years. A half-formulated Americanism.

These counter-opinions have not been sponsored

or accepted by any eastern brother possessed of publishing power. Nothing is back of them. No favorable opinion from anywhere. Nothing. They have merely erupted.

EUGENE L. PEARCE

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

An open letter to the
Hon. William E. Borah

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

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Dear Senator:

Some two or three months ago, under congressional postal frank, I received a copy of your closing speech on the League of Nations. Doubtless this was due to the thoughtfulness of some overzealous and misguided secretary, for which courtesy I trust I shall not prove ungrateful, as attested to by the comment herewith enclosed. Not many of your constituents, my dear Senator, give your speeches such attention as I have accorded your latest effort. The information contained therein is accepted with due expression of appreciation—but with certain reservations of opinion herein to be stated.

As a beginning, I note that you speak with some feeling of the "puny demagogue, the barren editor, the sterile professor." In order that you may not be prejudiced against statements and opinions about to be offered, it seems proper to inform you that the writer is neither a politician, an editor, nor a professor. He has no aspiration whatever for public office nor for political power. He is, in fact, a plain farm-

ing man. Born within a mile of Mason and Dixon's invisible line, in the state where Abraham Lincoln and Jefferson Davis first saw the light, of a northern father and a southern mother, your correspondent feels that by ancestry, political traditions, and detached mental attitude, he is in better position—as to prejudice induced by environment—to discuss the League of Nations than quite a number of United States senators known to him by reputation.

Possibly two million words have been enunciated, spoken, hissed, and bellowed on the Senate floor at Washington in debate regarding this proposed treaty. Under such circumstances it is not possible to give a new turn or an original argument for or against the treaty; but, as I was born nearer the shadowy line of cleavage than the great majority of senators now in the Upper House, it may be that my angle of vision is slightly different to any yet recorded.

The momentous question as to whether the United States shall closely coöperate with other great nations and with small nations in attempting to preserve the world's peace would appear to be a cold and practical problem for our ablest statesmen. Unhappily we have been made aware that there is no such problem in this country.

I, therefore, feel constrained to say that the bitter division of party, not all of which is gallery play, and the still-existing feeling engendered by the war of 1861-1865 have no place in my mind. Still better, I

am no lawyer. This admission has an important bearing: There are, by far, too many hair splitters at present in the United States Senate—and too few rail-splitters.

To conclude these introductory remarks, should you see fit to follow my reasoning for five or ten minutes, you will appreciate fully that I am no respecter of party, no blind follower of any man; that I accept no tradition without examination.

However, I do not pretend to be accurately informed to the thousandth part of an inch relative to the historical and political topography of the last twenty-five or fifty years; but my memory serves me fairly well. My outlook serves me better.

It is noted that in the address referred to above, you make rather free use of the words "spiritual" and "moral." As a simple-minded farming man I know very little about the "spiritual" and "moral" aspects involved, but when you mention the word "practical," which you have done sparingly, I am more at home.

There are in this country, nevertheless, many thousand men as simple as the writer, and here is the way some of us apply our test to the proposed League of Nations:

In 1914 the United States had no entangling alliances, so far as we who are not statesmen generally are aware. In spite of that safe-and-sound fact, the country became involved in a rather expensive misun-

derstanding, and should have been so involved within fourteen days after the *Lusitania* sank—which brings us to a definite fact: It does not require two to make a quarrel where one has aggressive instincts and the other has courage and teeth.

It is my personal opinion that had there been a real League of Nations in 1914, backed by "autocratic force," so greatly deplored in the abstract by the Senator from Idaho, there would have been no world conflagration.

I further take note that the Senator has "discovered" General George Washington. About eight hundred words of your able address, my dear Senator, are expended in presenting that discovery to the Senate of the United States and to the people of the country. I offer a sample prized at random from the case. "He (Washington) was the first to suggest a union instead of a confederacy. He presided over and counselled with great wisdom the convention which framed the constitution. He guided the government through its first perilous years. He gave dignity and stability and honour to that which was looked upon as a passing experiment, and finally, my friends, as his own peculiar and particular contribution to the happiness of his countrymen and to the cause of the Republic, he gave us his great foreign policy under which we have lived and prospered and strengthened for nearly a century and a half."

This "discovery" of Washington possesses the merit

of familiarity. It is time-honored and oft-used—characterized in our breezy vernacular as "getting on the band wagon." The memory of George Washington is green. Doubtless it is the best of strategy to browse in young clover.

Now my greatgrandfather held General Washington's horse at the battle of the Brandywine, while the General was lighting his pipe. Said he to my greatgrandfather: "Sam, when this thing is over, we don't want any entangling alliances. As for this League-of-Nations thing which will be proposed one hundred and forty years hence, I am not so sure. Circumstances alter cases."

To get down to strict facts, or at least to reasonable speculation—it is just possible that General Washington did not foresee that the Atlantic would gradually become narrower with the passing years until it became little more than a strait. He may not have foreseen the ocean cable, the thousand-foot steamship, the mechanical whale, the mechanical eagle with twice its speed, ten times its endurance, and ten thousand times its power. He may not have foreseen a whole nation imbued with such outrageous ambition and such ruthlessness as filled the breast of Richard III.

Then, too, there is a certain distinction between the idea of an alliance, entangling or otherwise, and a League of Nations. This distinction may be too fine for a lawyer and statesman, but not for a plain farm-

ing man. To enlighten you—an entangling alliance suggests a combination for protection, defensive or offensive, against feared and powerful forces. It strongly intimates other forces of no mean strength.

Washington's advice against entangling alliances hints at the rejection of that European policy known in recent years as the "balance of power."

The proposed League of Nations is a conception different in vital respects. It proposes to induce all nations to become a party thereto. There is no suggestion of an offensive against any nation, weak or strong. Mark well the word "offensive." The phrase suggests to the mind an understanding between all well-meaning peoples to preserve order and prevent wars, if such a thing is possible. A reading of the League's constitution does not upset this first impression, unless one has a mind of the first magnitude—such a mind, for instance, as is the proud possession of Senators Reed and Johnson, and Ex-Senator Hardwick.

Washington never expressed himself with regard to such a conception as the League of Nations, as possibly the Senator from Idaho is well aware.

You speak most admirably, my dear Senator, almost convincingly, with long and beautiful periods, of the freedom of nations, of respect for nationality, of the "divine law of nationality." But you speak of war and peace with a callousness which passeth understanding, when the recent world's tragedy is care-

fully considered. I quote you: "Sir, we are told that this treaty means peace. Even so, I would not pay the price. Would you purchase peace at the cost of any part of our independence? We could have had peace in 1776—the price was high, but we could have had it."

In all courtesy, I cannot avoid saying that this last sentence is so specious, so deliberately specious, as to affront ordinary intelligence. There is peace and *peace*. There are wars and *wars*. Also, there are two hundred and fifty words more of the same fallacious twitter quoted above.

My dear Senator, I was born in a state where a half-grown, cabbage-fed rabbit might possibly induce an Idaho bobcat to crawl into a doodle bug's hole—but I have some respect for an honorable peace.

In the sense in which you speak of national "freedom," you, my dear Senator, are not free, nor am I. In the general interest of law and order we must live under certain restrictions that, to some extent, curtail our freedom of action.

The flaw in your position regarding national independence is this: You apply one law of order for the individual human being and another for a collection of human beings. Doubtless you are aware that in organized society it has been recognized that the individual must give up certain freedom-to-do-as-he-pleases in the interest of general safety and well-being. I believe you will admit the wisdom of this policy

after a moment's thought, in spite of the suggestion of circumscribed vision which you offer on page ten of your address. Proceeding with the premise outlined, namely, lack of freedom-to-the-point-of-license in this most democratic of countries, where, according to the plain inference of your logic, autocratic courts of justice, backed by autocratic sheriffs and autocratic jails, debar us from considerable freedom, I wish to remind you further that nations, in the sense commonly used, are larger or smaller numbers of human beings banded together by autocratic government and backed by autocratic force.

Furthermore, the executive and legislative functions of these governments are set in action and controlled by human beings and these executives are just as human as the individual and humble citizen who assists in swelling the man-power of this man-ruled society. These rulers, whatever the government, have a nose each, a mouth, and a stomach. They are subject to every human impulse, good or bad, to which flesh is heir. Led by certain rulers, nations may at any time decide to run amok, as the Germans ran amok or equally likely, such nations may assume the altruism of the American government, or of any degree between these extremes.

The fifty nations of the world are simple fifty aggregations of human beings. They represent virtually all the human beings on the planet.

(I trust you will bear with me in making a state-

ment of these elementals. From the general trend of your address, it appears necessary to arrive at some definite point of beginning.)

For six thousand years the greatest curse of the human race—meaning the peoples of the world without regard to creed or color—has been WAR. No expedient of human devising has to date been able to check its ravages. Balances of power have not averted the thunderbolt. The Christian religion, which we had hoped was rapidly civilizing the world, failed us signally in the early years of the twentieth century. The most destructive and one of the most cruel wars in the known annals of mankind began in 1914.

Our so-called civilization had unlocked many of the secrets of Nature, which were speedily converted into agents of destruction. The losses in human life were increased manyfold. The patient labor of centuries was destroyed.

Another such war would be even more terrible and destructive. The same human agencies can bring it about under "freedom of nationality" such as the world has at present, and has had for six thousand years or more.

Where human nature released from control is of the nature of the beast; where the human equation has remained the same within certain well-defined limits from the days of Adam until the present; where free nations have license to strike with unsheathed claw at pleasure; where no obstacles other

than have previously existed bar the way—can you say with any positiveness that another such war as the war of 1914 is not possible within a few years?

Do you mean just what you say when you assert that for such national freedom as neither you nor I possess even proportionately, you would be willing to subject your country fifty years hence to twice the intensity of horror and disaster as befell the Belgians? Would you for twenty personal privileges, not at present permitted by the laws of Idaho, be willing to risk the destruction of your family, and that without recourse, except the privilege to destroy some other man's family, if you were able?

The question answers itself. It would take you back to the cave-man period.

The principle of the League of Nations is precisely the same as the present case of individuals in law-abiding, regulated society.

However, considering that no expedient yet devised by statesmen and politicians has availed to prevent war, if such was the desire, possibly you are of the opinion that any untried expedient possessing the possibility of success, should be tried for what it is worth. It may be in your mind that the other nations should try it, but that the United States, a political entity apart and superior, need never assume the shackling fetters of Law wrought in the interest of world-wide order. You have stated that Lloyd George and Clemenceau, leading statesmen of old-world countries,

would concede much, would sacrifice much, to have the coöperation of the United States, but you refuse to join in any sacrifices to be made. No instinct to shirk your responsibilities, which life under the good sunlight has laid on you! No lack of generosity; no disposition to let the other fellow bear the toil and heat of the day! None of these things, of course. Merely a natural prudence, behind which is the inherent thought that the inferior clays may dare and risk, since they have so little to lose. It is for us to watch and wait. If fruit comes of the labor, we will gather our share.

Kept out of the great war till the last, but nevertheless forced in, despite the fact that there were no entangling alliances, the United States is now the richest nation of the world. Our man-power is virtually untouched. We are the richest, the most powerful, and supposedly the most altruistic, but according to the plain trend of your speech here in my hand, we should stand back, as we did in the great war, and permit the weaker and now exhausted nations to carry the banner of civilization in this noblest and most far-reaching attempt to elevate the race above the black cloud which has so often overwhelmed it in the years gone by!

You say by inference, my dear Senator, that you are a practical man. Suppose somewhere in the wilds of Idaho, you and a hundred fellow citizens, thrown together by chance, decided to build a new town and

incorporate it. You had more of this world's goods, greater physical prowess, and withal more influence than any of these men, so you informed those whose lot fell in with yours that while you expected to live in the town and wished it to be a law-abiding corporation, you personally did not intend to sacrifice a single jot of your individual liberty to-do-as-you-pleased. Your house and grounds within the town were to be regarded as your castle, your principality, your state, your kingdom. The boundaries without your boundaries could be incorporated, a mayor and council could be chosen, ordinances passed and recorded, a marshall appointed. However, no part of this organization was to bind *you*. YOU would ride your horse down the sidewalks at your pleasure. YOU would start a bedlam at three in the morning if you wished. YOU would shoot any citizen whose bones you fancied, and anybody who wanted your bones and marrow could help himself. YOU were perfectly able to cope with all such situations. No entangling alliances for you. No citizens' league to which you would shackle your liberty.

Under such an attitude your fellow citizens might consider you a trifle arrogant, even though they did not view you as a lawless person.

This closely approximates your position relative to the League of Nations and the United States government. The dispute over Article Ten means nothing whatever except that a pretext for objection had to

be found. A group of hairsplitting lawyers resorted to subterfuge, under cover of which political antagonism and personal hatred had scope for free play.

I have stated this entangling perplexity in its entirety. Neither the writer nor any other simple-minded farmer in the country is taking seriously scruples of policy and scruples of vision embraced in the so-called debate on this article. It is in fact a wrangle, and back of the wrangle is tragedy—the widow, the orphan, the young boy mangled and dying on the battlefield; for it is on such conditions, past and future, that this debate is feeding.

A broad and united vision, a seemly and decent patriotism, would long months ago have overcome such differences as might exist between men of intelligence and of equal technical training. Instead, certain senators for the sake of personal ambitions and personal antagonisms have trifled with opportunity, injured our standing abroad, and produced not one legislative act of major value in the last hundred days. It is likely that a League of all the world, with possibilities for peace and prosperity, has slipped beyond our grasp for many a year, because of the perversity and frowardness of a few men.

That paragraph of your speech, my dear Senator, about "little Americans" is the usual tommyrot, if you will pardon so abrupt a comment. "Call us little Americans if you will, but leave us the consolation and the pride which the term American, however

modified, still imparts. We have been ridiculed because, forsooth, of our limited vision. Possibly that charge may be true. Who is there here that can read the future?"

This is the pure, unadulterated claptrap of the old-time stump orator. By such a man it was always considered popular tactics to suggest inferentially the possession of a goat's forehead and the brains of a peacock. This attitude was supposed to place the orator on a level with his audience of simple folk—a level which induced the intimacy of fellow-ability and fellow-feeling.

However, dear Senator, Henry Ford's small car and *The Saturday Evening Post* have been educating us for a decade or two, and the plea of stupidity hath lost much of its potency. If you are a "little American" simply because there is little above the eyes but skull and nothing below but voice, the fascination with which your constituents regard you at present will fade within a few moons to a look of understanding.

I acquit you, however, of the charge of stupidity. The mind which can differentiate between a union and a confederacy at least has some cutting edge. The brain adroit enough to gloss fallacy after fallacy with almost the varnish of conviction is not a third-grade instrument.

Some philosopher of the Ancients once said: "Wait on a man's speech. When he says 'yes,'—listen.

When he says 'nay,'—ponder. Through his mouth ye may read his heart."

I have examined your speech, my dear Senator, with a certain care that I might discover the spirit that gave it life and coherence, if coherence it has. Many slight inconsistencies appear here and there, but only such points as have a bearing on the outlook or the sincerity of its author merit attention at this time.

As a premise, I desire to state that a manifest inconsistency regarding a major principle, offered within the scope of one address intended for general circulation throughout the country, should, to a certain extent, disqualify him who offers it from a leading part in any further discussion of the problem involved; for it would indicate a lack of logical fitness, or else artlessly betray the sincerity of a final opinion which at one and the same time held positions diametrically opposed.

Let us examine certain leading paragraphs of your speech: You say "It (the proposed League of Nations) is in conflict with the right of our people to govern themselves free from all restraint, legal and moral, of foreign powers. It challenges every tenet of my political faith. . . . In opposing the treaty I do nothing more than decline to renounce and tear out of my life the sacred traditions which through fifty years have been translated into my whole intellectual and moral being. I will not, I cannot, give up my belief that America must, not alone for the happiness

of her own people, but for the moral guidance and greater contentment of the world, be permitted to live her own life."

. . . . . .

"If we stay with our contract (the constitution of the proposed League), we will come in time to declare with our associates that force—force, the creed of the Prussian military oligarchy, is after all the true foundation upon which must rest all stable governments. Korea, despoiled and bleeding at every pore; India, sweltering in ignorance and burdened with inhuman taxes after more than a hundred years of dominant rule; Egypt, trapped and robbed of her birthright; Ireland, after seven hundred years of sacrifice for independence—this is the task, this is the atmosphere, and this is the creed in and under which we are to keep alive our belief in the moral purposes and self-governing capacity of the people, a belief without which the Republic must disintegrate and die. The maxim of liberty will soon give way to the rule of blood and iron."

. . . . . .

"We could have had peace in 1860; Lincoln was counselled by men of great influence and accredited wisdom to let our brothers—and, thank heaven, they are our brothers—depart in peace. But the tender, loving Lincoln, bending under the fearful weight of impending civil war, an apostle of peace, refused to pay the price, and a reunited country will praise his name

forevermore—bless it because he refused peace at the price of national honor and national integrity. Peace upon any other basis than national independence, peace purchased at the cost of any part of our national integrity, is fit only for slaves, and even when purchased at such a price it is a delusion, for it cannot last."

In these four excerpts from your speech, my dear Senator, you have left many gates open. It would seem that you might have prepared this address with greater care. For instance, I notice that you speak of Lincoln, born within seventy-five miles of my own humble birthplace, who drank the same limewater, and split the same sort of rails with the same sort of an axe—possibly better known to me than to you, dear Senator—as an apostle of peace who changed his mind and his policy when conditions made a change of policy necessary. He was an apostle of peace, and, sufficiently driven, became an apostle of war. He made this change within the period of one short year. Yet you deny to George Washington the right to change his mind over a matter of policy at the end of one hundred and forty years, with all the lapsing conditions which have intervened during the most important material advances in the history of the human race!

However, to relieve you of all embarrassment over your very evident approval of Lincoln's change of

front and your refusal to permit Washington to do likewise, I desire to assure you that General Washington is in no position where it is necessary for him to change his policy, inasmuch as he never contemplated, as previously you have been informed, a possible federation of world nations on a basis similar to that under which the states of America became one great and united country. So, after a fashion, I clear you of one embarrassment.

However, it is not my intention to lift you clear of the fire. Trouble is still in the offing.

The United States is surrounded by arbitrary boundaries, definitely described. Within its domain, subject to its laws, are millions of citizens who by blood nationality have been derived from twenty-five nationalities. They are citizens of this country because they voluntarily came here and were naturalized, or were born under the flag. No act of theirs, however, nor any arbitrary place of birth, has changed one drop of blood in their veins.

The United States might, therefore, be defined as a government maintaining sovereign and administrative powers over a definitely described territory, peopled by human beings of various racial descent, guided by a democratic constitution, and controlled by laws not contradictory to that constitution.

The definition is substantially correct.

There are certain limited areas of southern California and certain small areas in Texas and Arizona

which under normal conditions might desire to be incorporated within the Republic of Mexico; but the rule of "blood and iron"—the "rule of force," which you so greatly deplore, would be certain to step in and prevent these "nationals" from transferring their allegiance together with territory of the United States. Such an act of repression would meet with your unqualified approval, as further quotations from your address make amply clear.

In furtherance of this assertion I note what you say about the attempted secession of 1861, where a large section of the country was prevented from exercising just such a majority inclination as I have above suggested. This section of the country desired to create a government of its own in conformity with the wish of those who dwelt on the soil. The section had joined the League of States of its own free will and accord. It was not permitted to disentangle itself from this alliance and the rule of "blood and iron," the "rule of force," was invoked to prevent such a consummation.

It was best for our great country and best for us all, in my opinion, that the effort to bring about secession failed, but your endorsement of such force as was required is a glaring inconsistency, inasmuch as you have gone somewhat out of your way and have used your position as a United States senator to offer an opinion of opposite import regarding the internal affairs of a friendly power, which should also have

the right to govern within its own boundaries "free from all restraint, legal or moral." I refer specifically to Ireland, a part of the domain of Great Britain, which by innuendo you have attempted to restrain by moral means. What else could you have been attempting when you spoke of "Ireland, after seven hundred years of sacrifice for independence?"

You seem to consider, with an arrogance of mind that is rather difficult for me to understand, that a member of one of our lawmaking bodies, has a moral and spiritual right to inject himself and his opinions into the administrative affairs of other governments, while denying to other governments and their officials the same right with regard to our affairs. You should remember your position. In your place you have no right to strain relations with a friendly foreign power simply because of your personal opinions—at loggerheads with some of your other personal opinions.

Were a high official of any foreign government to advocate the independence of New Jersey, because the state had or might have a hundred thousand embryo barkeeps persecuted by the law of "blood and iron," you, my dear Senator, would be among the first to resent such an interference with our sacred "nationalism." Were the red Indians to collect in Oklahoma and demand an independent government, and the French Senate were to pass a resolution favoring such an aspiration on the part of the original owners of America, you would laugh the resolution to scorn;

but a certain peevishness would go hand-in-hand with your sense of humor.

In short, my dear Senator, your positions with regard to the Irish people and the people of the Confederate States are opposed. I take it that if I substitute the Indian nation, you would still be in a position where you would be compelled to contradict yourself. You are willing to have force used anywhere within the United States—you have made no protest against the enforcement of law within the United States—but are quite sensitive when you approach the three-mile line at sea. You make moral raids on the internal affairs of the English and the Japanese, but our own national affairs are "sacred."

The United States governs with an equal hand, and with "blood and iron" when necessary, citizens of German, Irish, and Mexican descent; citizens of English, Scotch, African and Indian descent. All have to conform to the laws of the country—and sometimes force is necessary.

The Irish race in Ireland is part of the population of the British Empire. The island inhabited by the Irish is of the territory of that empire. Irishmen have often been given positions of responsibility in the government of Britain, and acts of fifty years ago have little to do with the present. In the past we have not always treated the original owners of America with justice; nor always respected their human rights; nor always dealt with honor. Possibly you do

not know that during the Seminole War, Chief Osceola was captured by a United States army officer by the use of a flag of truce.

Do you remember what the Chief said: "The poor Indian have more honor than the big white man."

The Irish people have never been a nation. Hundreds of years ago they were a group of Celtic tribes, governed by various chieftains, continuously at war with each other.

The inhabitants of Ireland have little genius for self-government. They could not agree nor unite when the island they inhabited was within their control; nor could they agree tomorrow. Ireland was a part of the territory of Great Britain sometime before the southern states of North America, one by one, joined the confederation of states, known as the United States. Yet the one should be encouraged to make trouble for its responsible government; the other was suppressed, with your very recent approval! Lincoln, you asserted, had to act, and his decision was a stroke of repression.

How do you reconcile such a contradiction? I know your attitudes are *sacred,* I know they are *moral,* I know they are *spiritual*—but just how do you arrive at your conclusions?

But granting for the sake of argument that because of our relatively greater wealth and conserved man-power we should be accorded the right to intervene in the affairs of Great Britain, France, and Den-

mark, while according to none the right to treat us likewise—by inference every third line of your able address bristles with this assumption—there is a special reason why we should go out of our way to offer semi-official affront to our late ally in the war—the only other great English-speaking nation on the globe. The all-sufficient reason is this: The Catholic Irish of southern Ireland, not as individuals but as a political unit, had the questionable distinction of being the most conspicuous slackers in the great war. When the very existence of such civilization as we know anything about was threatened with destruction by the advance of the unspeakable barbarian, the Catholic Irish of southern Ireland alone sulked in their tents, caring little for their own future plight and the condition of their friends. To see the English ground under heel was the only thing in life worth while. After that, the world might crumble to ashes.

In short, you would by inference counsel us to break the golden rule and do unto the English, by our meddling and prying, what we would not have them do to us.

And for what? To assist a group of sulking slackers to turn a beautiful island into the chaos of a Mexican Republic!

Moral, of course. Spiritual, necessarily. Sacred, without a doubt; and withal, dripping with wisdom at every pore—the wisdom prevalent at Matteawan.

To make the net which is closing around you grass-

hopper-tight, I will double back to close a small gap. It is assumed you mean by the term "govern themselves" that those in control of the government, duly appointed or elected, should have the right and power to govern, inasmuch as no population to the last individual ever is of one mind on any vital subject. I assume also when you use the definitive term "legal and moral" in connection with unhampered control of our own affairs, that you mean we should resent any *influences* brought to bear from the outside, including official criticism, since such overt acts are about all that can be stretched from the term "moral." "Moral" certainly does not seem to imply twelve-inch guns nor court injunctions.

If a foreign power, or certain members of its government, transcend our rights by indicating disapproval of any action of ours with regard to our treatment of a body of our nationals—the persecuted barkeeps of New Jersey, for instance—it follows that without arrogance on our part we should concede the same right to other governments concerning the administration of territory over which they have held rule longer than we have governed in southern California, Texas, and Florida.

To my mind, dear Senator, you stand in one of two categories: Either you have spoken with a carelessness ill-befitting the great issues involved, or you convict yourself out of your own mouth of a form of inconsistence narrowly bordering on insincerity.

If the former is true, I should say the country is in need of men in high positions who weigh and measure their words.

If the latter is true, dear Senator, I am constrained to adjudge that your responsibility is heavy.

In your prize paragraph, you provide us with the following statement; a statement which flows like the gentle brook: "I cannot get my consent to *exchange* the doctrine of George Washington for the doctrine of Frederick the Great translated into mendacious phrases of peace."

What does that paragraph mean? It consists of twenty-six words of the English language and apparently it spells "ambient air." Diplomatic language is out of place when one is addressing the American people. For instance—"I cannot get my consent." There are those who have a lingering doubt as to whether, dear Senator, you have ever *attempted* to get your consent to any *exchange* of any nature where the Ex-President of the United States has expressed approval of such exchange or transfer.

My second observation is this: The doctrine of George Washington mentioned in this paragraph is immaterial and irrelevant, inasmuch as "entangling alliance" is not the subject-matter of the debate in question.

My third observation: If the League of Nations as conceived and proposed is the *doctrine* of Frederick the Great, then the decision of Abraham Lincoln to

suppress secession was the *action* of Frederick the Great. Force in both cases; blood and iron.

As for the term "mendacious," the opinions of our early statesmen which crystallized finally into the conception of the great country whose flag is above us—those opinions and the phrases emanating from them—were not less mendacious in the day of experiment than the present-day opinions which have crystallized into the conception of what would be in effect a union of all nations, a federation of the world.

George Washington, as you have said, was the first to suggest the union. Its magnitude staggered the minds of the cautious. What would you have said to General Washington on that occasion?

The paragraph just analyzed is sonorous, dear Senator, flowing and smooth. The word "mendacious" is choice and possessed of a certain dignity. Unhappily the meaning of this paragraph, if it has any meaning, will not stand the acid test of close examination.

With regard to the Monroe Doctrine, which you lean upon at times as upon the Rock of Gibraltar: Apparently it is a haven of refuge. You keep well within its shadow, that no man may cut off your flight. You climb over it and hide behind it. Occasionally you seem to consider it not quite so cumbrous a defence and brandish it as a shield.

Certainly you make the most of the fact that neither statesman nor politician, neither republican nor democrat, neither puny demagogue, barren editor,

nor sterile professor, dares to touch the hem of your garment when you crawl behind that magic shield.

To get at you, I must disclaim association with these objectional persons, one and all. Therefore "I feel it my duty," as Mr. Wilson would say, to assure you that James Monroe was not the ablest president who ever sat in the presidential chair.

The Monroe Doctrine was sound in its day. It voiced the attitude of a great majority of the citizens of this country, and because it has been accepted for many years as a national policy, it is blindly accepted today.

In effect it means that the United States will permit no foreign power from across the seas to obtain additional foothold on the American continent, either by purchase or conquest of territory, or by the curtailment of the sovereign rights of any American government.

A bolder policy, offering this doctrine to all the world, enlarges the principle involved until the larger idea absorbs the lesser. Nor is there sound reason for attempting to curtail a sound principle. The Monroe Doctrine did not serve to shunt from our shores the most expensive war in the history of our country.

James Monroe, in the interest of peace and security for the United States, *extended the boundaries* which we had been prepared to defend, *far beyond our legal confines. In the interest of peace, we assumed additional possibilities of war.*

Now, in the year of Our Lord, nineteen hundred and twenty, in the *interest* of a *broader* and *firmer peace*, but with *those possibilities of war which Monroe assumed*, we must keep pace with a rapidly shrinking globe. It is proposed that the frontier, the barrier of No Man's Land, be extended to meet the exigencies which the passage of time has brought to our door.

And now we come to a phase of this problem about which one should speak with caution: If by any possibility—I say "possibility" advisedly—there is willful obscuration of vision, a deliberate intention to create a public sentiment contrary to the best interest of our nation and every other nation, what motive could induce such action?

There is a strong feeling among many citizens that the Ex-President is himself in part responsible for this attitude.

There is a feeling equally strong that whatever the provocation, it is high time this opposition for opposition's sake, if such exists, be dropped. "He who conquereth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city."

In my humble opinion, General Wood should have gone to France in some capacity. Colonel Roosevelt, possibly the greatest living American during the years of war, should have been permitted to have a part in the war if he wished. He had been Chief Executive of the country for seven years. His experience, tact,

common sense, were equal to or superior to the like qualifications of any man who passed unfavorably on his request. His patriotism and courage were of the highest order. His magnetism and energy would have been an asset anywhere on the front, and the country, for great and meritorious services in the past, wanted his request granted.

In my opinion, President Wilson should have disarmed opposition-party antagonism in every way possible. As a matter of policy, once he had decided to go abroad to the Peace Conference, he should have selected his advisers equally from the leading political parties, since there are capable men in all parties. He should have committed the Republican party, through some of its ablest and most influential men, to the decision reached.

All of the above, needless to say, is opinion. Manufacturing and industrial genius was provided largely by men of republican political faith. I have no figures, but the troops at the battle front were not all democrats. A portion, large or small, of the immense sums of treasure required was provided from resources of republican origin. It follows, in my opinion, that the Republican party should have been equally represented at the time the peace was negotiated. Perhaps it was so represented, but the impression is to the contrary. It is a well-defined impression throughout the country.

But remember: Every man is human; every man

has his foot of clay; and every man has a weakness somewhere and an ambition peculiarly his own. For five years President Wilson bore as heavy responsibilities as ever rested on a man's shoulders. The wages he received and all he asked was *power*. On this score alone he was acquisitive. In the field of his dominance, aye, to the very horizon, he was exacting. More, he was jealous of the least appearance of infringement. An imperious mind is alike responsible for the strong and the weak sides of his nature. He looked from the mountain top, and occasionally concerned himself with the petty arrangements of an ant heap. For reputation after he passed to another world, for all the ramifications of power during the brief zenith of his career, he gave his life-blood and his nerve forces.

Whatever our individual views as to the soundness of his judgment at various times and at various crises, the above is undoubtedly true. On behalf of a noble conception worthy of the highest order of statesmanship—a league of the world's peoples for peace and order—fighting later the enemies he is alleged to have willfully made, both for himself, and through his advocacy, for the cause of world tranquillity, he went without flinching to the point of collapse. Opposition never broke his will nor did odds beat him into submission.

But for your satisfaction, dear Senator, and those of like attitude, I offer the opinion that for error in judgment, for failure in generous impulse, you com-

pelled our late Executive to pay a price. It is not, however, your moral prerogative to compel the country to pay, and striking at the war-President, your follow-through has jeopardized the human rights of a hundred million of your fellow citizens.

Stating a broad principle, the United States can well afford to concede certain aspects of national privilege in the interest of mankind, which interest includes its own. That policy affording the *possibility* of world peace is worthy of a fair trial.

There is a homely saying—"Two wrongs never made a right." No irreconcilable group of the Senate must use the bodies of our young men, our sons, our husbands, our fathers, our best blood and treasure, as a club with which to avenge personal or political affront, if any. The anguish of thousands of homes must not be risked as a pawn of politics nor to provide the atmosphere of a private vendetta.

Should there be no effective League of Nations by reason of the United States standing out, and a great war should spring up within fifty years, those responsible for the attitude of our country at this momentous time, I solemnly believe, will be held by God and man for the blood of the slain.

Take heed, ye Irreconcilables.

May I ask you a question, dear Senator,—a question which is pertinent, and in the abstract might have weight with American citizens of every section—

North, South, East, and West, for the question carries with it a test and a measure of conduct.

What would Abraham Lincoln have done in your place, under the same problems, with the same provocations, with like ambitions, had he been Senator from the State of Idaho in the year 1919?

Consider that question honestly; consider it solemnly. The writer will never attempt to answer it for you, except by a brief analysis of the character of him whose memory is cherished in every American home with a respect akin to reverence. Many men in Lincoln's day and in the days that followed have risen to eminence. Gifted with mentality, ambition, and courage, these men have had the necessary requisites of unusual capacity; yet they have missed the fame that burns as the fixed star.

Lincoln bore no malice. His patience was the patience which few men have possessed. With vision that unmasked the future, he was content to perform without flinching the plain duty that lay in his path.

In the above paragraph I have told you the story of Abraham Lincoln. He was possibly the greatest figure, and excepting the Maid of Orleans, the most pathetic in the annals of history. Surrounded by those who sneered at the cut of his garments and counted with derision the rungs of the ladder he had climbed, from ten-foot log cabin in the wilds of a new country to the House-of-the-Nation at Washington, he main-

tained the scoffers in places of power, because he believed they were valuable to the Republic.

Lincoln was not indifferent to the attitude of these pseudo-aristocrats. He felt their subtle antagonism keenly, for so noble a mind as his is sensitive to gratuitous hurt. If, however, at any time he experienced impatience or anger, he stifled it. Intense labor and heavy responsibility weighed him down. Time there was none, nor inclination, to resent these manifestations of a peculiar pride most highly developed in the idle woman and the peacock.

Lincoln was master of his own spirit.

When a great oak succumbs to the ravages of time after a thousand years of life, its fall resounds through the glades and depths of the forest. The bark of the squirrel, the song of the feathered tribe, are hushed. Fierce sunlight for the first time in many seasons strikes in on virgin soil. Birds, wood-rats, moles, and crickets—insect and animal life of earthy mould and widespreading branch—must make their brief readjustments; and afterwards lesser trees extend their arms until the scar in the woodland is covered.

When President Lincoln fell, the rending crash carried over mountain and plain, across limpid rivers and deep lakes, to the boundaries of a vast country. Over mighty waters the sound waves beat, and finally died away on the shores of distant oceans. Abraham Lincoln was dead.

It is natural, however, to feel a keener interest in

life than in death; in the promise of the future than in contemplation of the past. *En passant,* let me say that while the doctrine of democracy is sound, "equality of man" is a phrase of deception. Men are never of equal mould or measure, and of the boldest only a few reach the heights. Some mystery deeper than the law of heredity, some force more powerful than the table of racial average, some supreme strength of soul—the arbitrary gift of Him who created all things—are in evidence when the inspired leader of a race or of an epoch first sees the light of day. As though to make clear to a heedless world that the really great among God's creatures are above and beyond ordinary measure, the outstanding figures in the life-history of man were all of humble origin. One was lifted from the sawgrass and bulrushes of a swollen river. The second was born in a stable, homeless. The mother of the third gave birth in a cottage of poor degree near the village of Domrémy. The fourth, and to this date, the last, looked first on the walls of a rough log cabin in the midst of an unbroken forest. Ignorant and weak and poor, he was destined to hold intact at a time of crisis the strongest nation that has yet existed on this planet.

Of these outstanding figures in the history of Earth, whether divine or human, one died a wandering gipsy, gazing into the Land of Promise, but never in life permitted to enter. One died in the leaping flame, hearing to the last her voices. All passed on in blood

and violence, steadfast and true—martyrs for the world or for a race—the inspired agents of Destiny.

It is to the last of these Titans that I desire to call your attention—for the wonder and the vivid memory of his great life are still in our midst.

You, my dear Senator, discovered General George Washington. In turn I offer you Abraham Lincoln.

LITTLE TOMMY HARDWICK

LITTLE TOMMY HARDWICK

WHILE traveling recently through the mountains of northeast Georgia, your correspondent happened upon a distinguished member of the Third House in the somewhat isolated city of Scribben. At this place, for approximately twenty years, the Hon. Cage Rowsey, quituate of a southern university and dormant ever since, has been chairman of the Whittlers' Bench.

Under the beetling scrutiny of the Whittlers' Union, censors of all matters public and private, many groups of city fathers in Scribben and numerous boards of county commissioners in the good county of Jimpson have taken council in fear and trembling.

Of late the Hon. Cage has been doing some extra thinking. I gathered this from the fact that his vision regarding matters of a public nature has gained a wider scope—a scope reaching far beyond the confines of Jimpson County. With his enlarged view of things in general, ambitions of no uncertain nature have gripped him, as may be inferred from the open letter which he requested I wire my paper, collect.

As solemnly as possible I assured him that the wires would hum with his challenge to a particular statesman and all outside creation, and that night I mailed

it. The chairman's defi took the form of an open letter, announcing his candidacy for the United States Senate.

An Open Letter to Senator Hardwick

Senator Thomas W. Hardwick,
Millen, Ga.

Dear Senator:

I have read your address to the people of Tallapoosa County with considerable interest, and after a careful perusal, it is my opinion that I myself am excellent senatorial timber, though heretofore I had not properly valued my qualifications.

I therefore wish to announce that at the coming senatorial election I shall not cast my vote for you. I shall cast my vote for myself. Furthermore, I shall use my full influence to further my present ambition. Formally I announce my candidacy for the United States Senate.

At the beginning, I desire to clear the political atmosphere by a frank confession: I am not much of a lawyer. I might have been a light of the legal fraternity, but necessity did not force on me so strenuous an existence. Time is fleeting. Pride is a vain thing. Eternity is everlasting, and man is a long time dead.

Also I desire to state that I am an habitual user of drugs; that I am quite fond of that liquor which showeth red in the cup—or even when it doth show no color at all. I believe also in free love—at such

times as the woman to whom I am in legal bondage and for whom I care most on earth has not her watchful eye on me.

All of the above I freely admit, thereby robbing you of the least opportunity of a counter attack, and for a further threefold purpose:

1st—None of these slight flaws in my character is a serious bar to the honor I seek, either in acquiring the toga or in fulfilling the obligations of representation thereafter.

2d—I wish to evidence at the beginning of the campaign that my skin is a composite veneer of rawhide, walrus, and rhinoceros, laid on in transverse strips—thereby providing my future constituents with evidence indisputable of public qualification. If I am anything, I am a statesman.

3d—The gentle impeachments being admitted and duly weighed by the three million constituents who are yours for the time being, we can proceed without further loss of time to the discussion of other and more important matters.

Permit me to analyze your recent address at Millen, since it seems to represent the faith that is in you. I note that other speeches are of a similar tenor, and in my opinion you may justly stand or fall on this Millen oration.

First, however, I'll pay my respects to the Atlanta *Georgian* and this Hearst person, who, wittingly or

unwittingly, has rendered great and consistent services to the Beast of Potsdam.

On October 26th, 1917, the Atlanta *Georgian,* in its foreword did what it could for you under the saving grace of caution. Following the well-known and oft-copied policy made famous by Mark Antony a few years ago, beginning, "For these were honorable men," the *Georgian* is slowly feeling its way to a stronger and more pronounced attitude on your behalf, and in favor of the things you appear to represent.

It is like this: With me and a few state papers and six or eight other citizens, you are slightly unpopular at present. Therefore the *Georgian* considers it must be a trifle prudent until it can crawl to a somewhat surer footing.

I shall quote you freely, in order to set your positions the clearer against my positions. I still have two million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand, nine hundred and ninety of your constituents to pry loose from you, as I infer from your Millen statement, and, poor and unknown, my only tools must be the crowbar of logic turning on the fulcrum of fact.

In one paragraph or feather of your spread-eagle, you lay down the principle that "In this free land of ours every citizen of the republic, however poor and however humble, has exactly the same right to entertain and express his own opinion as to what policies his country should or should not adopt, in peace or in

war, as the richest and most powerful citizen in the land, in or out of office."

There is nothing the matter with the above ethical premise. Like the Rock of Gibraltar!

It was this democratic and decent concession on your part that emboldened me, a sodden lounger presiding over a down-and-outer's club, in an isolated mountain hamlet, to take up the issues of the day with a great United States senator. I call myself a lawyer, but I never had a case. My friends call me "Squire," and in my eventful life I have presided in one trial, involving the fate of fifty dollars and a blind mule.

But your magnanimity has given me heart. From discussion of the issues, my mind leaped to the grasp of a blinding conception. He who by right could discuss affairs of moment at Scribben might possibly stand in the halls of Congress and in the Senate chamber of the United States might lift his voice to the listening ear of a great democracy.

And now we shall proceed to an analysis of your defence.

To quote you verbatim according to the press report:

"A gallant American officer, the heroic Decatur, once expressed this sentiment: 'Our country, may she always be right, but right or wrong, our country!' With that noble sentiment, crystallizing as it does the very essence and spirit of patriotism, I am now and

have always been in complete and thorough accord. I will support this country, right or wrong, against every enemy, foreign or domestic; but surely my duty as the chosen and trusted representative of three million freemen does not and cannot end there. Surely it is my duty, first of all, to do all in my power, according to the light that God has given me, to help put and keep our country in the right, and surely I would be foresworn, perjured, and dishonored if I failed to exercise my own judgment, according to the dictates of my own conscience, in the performance of that duty."

At what precise date, my dear Senator, are you for your country, right or wrong? At just what time do you give up tugging at the helm and follow the wake of the ship of state? When the governing body, with the approval of the executive branch of the government, has declared war? When a hundred thousand, two hundred and nine of her men have been killed in battle? Or five years after an ultimate peace has been concluded?

Your appeal to the sentiment once expressed by Decatur is doubly unfortunate. In the first place, while plausible enough to gain the approval of shallow minds, it is extremely doubtful if it evidences a broad and comprehensive intellect. Whittle it down —to your state, your county, your side of the street, your dog, and, finally, yourself.

Decatur was not a Bonaparte. He was a better fighter than maker of aphorisms.

However, fortunate or unfortunate in your selection of a Moses, that aspect need not disturb you. The question whether you have a sharp, rat-like intelligence or a comprehensive grasp of affairs is not up for discussion in this paragraph.

The most evident thing is that you at once repudiate the sentiment you have just endorsed. Your country is now at war. It was so decided by the Congress. The Executive of your country, elected as you were elected and given greater powers by the same free and sovereign people, has concurred. Congress has passed certain legislation thought by it to be necessary in pressing the war successfully. It is impossible to know how each individual citizen stands. Congress has been given power to make war under the Constitution, which you admit. Still you oppose, after war has been declared nearly seven months, by openly defending your previous course and declaring that previous attitude to be your present attitude. You affect to believe that your three million freemen were back of you in this attitude. Then why defend and reaffirm at a time when such action is possibly seditious? You are on record as being against measures previously passed by the constituted legislative branch of the government and deemed necessary in the face of the enemy. Is this Decatur, right or wrong?

Here is another gem:

"If I know my own heart, and I have searched its innermost recesses deeply in these troublesome times which have come upon us, I would as your senator support a proposition that I thought was right if it came from the bitterest enemy I had on earth, and in like manner I would oppose a proposition I believed to be wrong, even if it were advanced by my dearest friend. Such is my conception of public duty, of official responsibility."

In this paragraph you are uncompromisingly for the right for right's sake. A moment before you stood with your country, right or wrong, and thirty seconds later you were for your country as interpreted by its government only under the proviso that the government agree with you. Three reversals of attitude in seventy-five seconds!

In the paragraph previously discussed you spoke of yourself as the "chosen and trusted representative of three million freemen." "Trusted" is good after repudiating your own clearly-defined attitude three times in a minute and a quarter. Now you offer us an inference in keeping with trust. Can't you see that your bitterest enemy-dearest-friend affirmation is at best a statement, not susceptible of proof, since you are always left the loophole of that intangible nebula, "your judgment"? It is the quality or corrosive which your fellow-statesman, Park Trammell, terms "discretionary powers." However foolish your action might be, however injurious to your country, you

have always "your judgment" as an infallible stop-gag.

What proof do you offer of your fine-sounding conception of public duty? Must we take your word for it? If we are to take your unsupported word, it goes without saying we accept you as honest and truthful, in which event your adroit defence is entirely unnecessary, as well as my present candidacy for the United States Senate; also the analysis to which your speech is being now subjected.

"Trusted representative! Unswerving in public duty! Influenced by neither friend nor foe! High conception of official responsibility! A little tin God! Washington, Clay, and Lincoln in one august personality!"

Methinks, however, our great man doth protest too much. Virtue, like gold, requires little furbishing.

To be perfectly frank, there is about your chameleon-like changes of attitude a certain sinister consistency. Your real position, stripped of camouflage, looks very much like deliberate opposition to a settled policy of the government in the face of an enemy; a position calculated to create dissension within and hope without. And yet we have that glib endorsement of Decatur!

Again, however, you break away from that rock-ribbed sense of right and wrong and go back to Decatur, who was loyal to himself and his own, right or wrong. "So that while I will always support the coun-

try itself, right or wrong, in determining the great questions of its policy, I must and will exercise my own conscience in arriving at conclusions. I do not and cannot accept orders from anybody, high or low, and I acknowledge no master save the sovereign constituency whose commission I hold."

Your constituency is an easy master to serve, since conclusive proof of the will of your constituency can only be provided when you run a second time for office, and there are tricks whereby it might not even then be ascertained. Until that time, however, your "conscience and your judgment" are the only masters you actually do consider. Other senators were elected as you were elected—by a sovereign constituency—and the majority of those senators decided on a course which made war inevitable after that course had been made inevitable by the enemy. You, therefore, seem to flout the constitution of the United States in favor of your guess as to the attitude of your constituency. Perhaps that explanation is too charitable. What *is* your real motive? You support the country, right or wrong, only reserving the right not to support it if in your opinion it happens to be wrong. You support your country, right or wrong, reserving the right to voice conclusions contrary to its policy in the face of a declared enemy.

What is your definition of country and the government thereof? It seems to be a mythical land of Zenda, whose attitude narrows to your interpretation

of one-fiftieth part of Zenda, over which attitude there is at least a doubt, admitted by your labored defence.

You continue with the same idea but vary the angle of approach. "This new cry of sycophants, timeservers and bootlicks, 'The President can do no wrong!' "

You are correct. The *cry* is very new, so new, in fact, is it that perhaps the first time you ever heard it was when you yourself lisped it in that memorable speech from which you quote in the present address—that June 29th, 1917, string of language delivered by you in the Senate—a deathless outburst of eloquence and calamity.

"It was my duty to help determine the question as to how this army should be raised, whether by conscription or voluntary enlistment. The constitution imposed that duty directly on me, as one of the senators from Georgia. . . .

"I favored the volunteer system because I believed then and BELIEVE NOW, from it we would have gotten fully as large an army as we needed to prosecute our own quarrel and much more quickly than we will get it under the draft. . . .

"I believed then and I BELIEVE NOW, that one volunteer, eager and anxious to fight for his country, is worth a dozen unwilling conscripts dragged away to an unwilling service, with eighty-one per cent of them all claiming exemptions of one kind and another. Do not, fellow-citizens, misunderstand me

there; I am making no personal fling, no personal reflection, upon the young men who have been drafted. I am sure they will in practically every case do their duty."

If the determination of the method whereby a great army was to be quickly and effectively raised was your duty, it was also the duty of every other senator and every representative likewise to consider ways and means.

Eventually the necessary majority of these other legislators, representing free and sovereign citizens the same as you, and possessed of that same intangible and mysterious conscience and judgment which is your chief asset and perquisite, decided contrary to you, your conscience, your judgment, and discretionary powers. The majority of the Senate, which with other branches is the government, decided on war and the draft system.

As a reasonably decent citizen of the United States, it was about time you respected the law of the land, right or wrong. It was about time you evidenced a trifling part of that support which the government had a right to expect of all citizens without special assurance, and without endorsing Stephen Decatur. You gave a special assurance, however, in order to have a pledge to break. Perfidy seems more necessary to your mental balance than meat or drink. I meant to say *meat*.

Elsewhere in your speech you have stated that you

believed our quarrel with Germany was just. Whether, however, the government has your full approval or only your qualified approval, the country is in the war.

Using that sacred judgment of yours, you told Congress you believed a volunteer army was the thing, and Congress, using its sacred discretionary powers and a little of that free speech which you also have used, decided otherwise.

You have stated in a quoted paragraph that you still believed in the volunteer army. Waiving the questionable propriety and loyalty of such an assertion at this late date, when much depends on unanimity of action, I shall confound you with a statement later in this same speech when you were attempting to bolster up another fallacy.

With the need of a large army, in a world war where millions of men are already engaged, how would these men be raised by the volunteer system, when eighty-one per cent of those drafted, according to your statement, claimed exemption for one reason or another?

These were our young men, the best we had from a military standpoint, and four-fifths of them, in the limelight and under adverse criticism of themselves and other citizens, wanted to side step and let Eddie do it, according to your intimation. Had there been no conscription, it is possible the army Congress believed in its blindness it needed would not have been

raised in ten years. Certainly this eighty-one per cent would not be likely to volunteer.

Perhaps, however, had not the manhood of the country been insulted by a system calling for equal service from all best qualified by physical fitness for military duty, where the slacker and the brave, the timid and the adventurous, the rich and the poor, must face the same hardships and the same bursting shells—perhaps the Senator would have received his hundreds of thousands of volunteers from an older and more serious-minded set of men, whose increasing years would have endowed them with the spirit of adventure; whose seasoning by Old Father Time would have freed them of the frailties and infirmities of the body. Let the old battlers go forth to the wars. They endure best; they fight best. Let the young men remain at home to support the financial budget, drawing for this service on the wisdom of youth! Eighty-one per cent of the young men, according to your figures, tried to evade military duty, but had there been a volunteer system, there would have been plenty of men to go into the same battles which the eighty-one per cent wished to avoid. It follows that the volunteering must come from an older class.

The absurdity is manifest, my dear Senator, nor do you believe in your position unless—well—unless. To be serious with you for a moment, the country in time of stress must make effective use of its strength and resources. It might be your impulse to eat a steel file

and sharpen a hoe with a slice of bread, but it is not practical. A country must use its men and resources where they will do the best work. War is a grim and terrible competition, calling for no half-hearted methods.

Alexander, Cæsar, Bonaparte, Von Moltke, Washington, Lee, Grant, Joffre, Haig, and Foch believed that young men made the best soldiers; both because they possessed more dash, and because of greater ability to endure hardships. It is possible, however, that the junior senator from Georgia has reached a contrary conclusion, and the sacred judgment of the senator must not be attacked, even in matters where obviously he cannot qualify as an expert. Indeed, I have no doubt that in the deep inner recesses of that mysterious and complicated heart of yours, you are satisfied that your opinion regarding the personnel of armies is superior to that of any army leader, living or dead.

You have confidence in your judgment—aye, considerable confidence. Yet, for a man of such absolute certitude, you are singularly truckling. Listen to this: "I believed then and I believe now that one volunteer, eager and anxious to fight for his country, is worth a dozen conscripts dragged away to an unwilling service, with eighty-one per cent of them all claiming exemption. . . . I am making no personal reflection upon the young men who have been

drafted. I am sure they will in practically every case do their duty."

What sort of asininity is this? A bullet or a shell will kill a brave man as easily as a coward. His heart and blood-vessels are not lined with three-inch steel. Besides, we have few or no cowards. You have said so. After a bullet has laid low an eager fighter, or a thousand such, or ten thousand, we have nothing left but silence and a splendid morale. On the other hand, when a bullet or a shell has laid low one of the conscripts dragged away to an unwilling service, but who was still prepared to do his duty, we still have eleven left, or eleven thousand, or one hundred and ten thousand, as the case may be. The silence is not quite so pronounced. The morale is sufficient to permit those left to do their duty, as you assured us, which is fairly effective morale.

There is another subtlety in this statement of yours I find it hard to understand or reconcile. One volunteer, eager and anxious, we are told, is worth a dozen conscripts dragged away to an unwilling service; yet the dozen, worth each one-twelfth of a real man, according to your assertion, will in practically every case do his duty.

What are we to make of this apparent jumble of language and common sense? On its face it would appear to mean that if a conscripted soldier ran away in the face of the enemy on the slightest provocation, refused to obey orders under fire, and in general ex-

hibited the heart of a sheep or a mule, until for practical purposes he was worth the twelfth part of a good soldier, he would have done his duty. That is what your statement leaves us to infer. Making such a statement publicly, you seem to provide a very low standard of duty, since one-twelfth of a real man, doing his full duty nevertheless, is mighty little man.

The language you have used, put to the acid test, is either utterly inane or traitorous, since the soldier doing one-twelfth of the part he might do with a different spirit, is adjudged in advance by a United States senator to have performed his duty as a soldier and a citizen.

However, in justice I shall relieve you of the charge of inciting mutiny and encouraging cowardice in the army. In all probability your intention was to make a blindfold attack on the draft and its tangible result —the army raised thereby. You intended to indicate that the army raised by this method, while rotten to the core, was also a first-class army. You were intending to carry water on both shoulders and not spill a drop. You were trying to impress the idea that statesman and patriot were terms synonymous with shifty politician and juggler of meaningless words. You were vainly endeavoring to elucidate that Thomas W. Hardwick and Alexander H. Stephens were held equally by all true Georgians who respect the achievements of great men. You were trying to beguile with

tinkling language the freemen who had come to hear facts and words of truth.

To be yet more indulgent, I will suggest that you must have been offering your constituency a highly-colored figure of speech when you provided this twelfth-of-a-man, doing-his-duty hypothesis. The trouble with you, however, is that you deal in too many figures of speech. It has become a habit, and so much of a habit that your three million constituents, which I'll shortly take off your hands, cannot know when you are offering them the truth—I mean when you are serious—and when you are merely indulging in a figure.

For instance: "Do not, fellow-citizens, misunderstand me on this point. If there was, as I believe, weak surrender of their (the senators') opinions and of your rights and liberties on this question (the question of the draft and an effective army) by any senator or any representative, or by any number of them, the real responsibility for such surrender must primarily and necessarily rest upon that senator or that representative."

But as the overwhelming majority of the Senate and of the House thus weakly surrendered our liberties and our rights by the laws enacted, by your plain inference and by express statement it follows that while all senatorial judgment is inviolate and sacred, some judgments are more infallible and more sacred than others, especially if they be in the minority. Yet you

went to Congress on a majority vote. Unless you flim-flammed the election booths, no minority ever made you the holy person you are. No doubt your judgment and that of La Follette and Stone are worth the rest of the Senate and the House. Minorities are always right when one is in the minority, even in time of war. Majorities are convenient when one happens to be in the majority. I have no doubt that your judgment should balance the contrary opinion of every senator and every representative—you have by inference confessed it—aye, and if need be, of a good many million freemen. The President and Press are also negligible in the face of infallibility.

There is something rather impressive about your form of egotism, or rather I should say, effrontery. Richard III in the presence of the Princess Anne, gave evidence of a liberal supply of this quality of brain and heart. For the time being I shall be tolerant enough to term your various attitudes effrontery, 99 44/100 pure. Needless to say, the effect of your activities is to give aid and comfort to the enemy, but for the time we will leave all matters covered by the ugly word "disloyalty" for future deliberation. Already, however, you are classed by many with the methodical and deliberate La Follette and that egg-sucking coyote, Bill Stone.

I will not discuss with you at length the policy of sending our boys away to fight on a foreign soil. Information of a vital character will be kept from you

from this time forth. Sufficient for you to know that we went into Canada during the Revolution. We invaded Mexico in 1845. We again broke away from the traditions and policy of the Republic, according to you, in 1898. General Lee sauntered into Pennsylvania in 1864 and Theodore Roosevelt descended on the Panama Canal. Also I will say that my father, an old mountain man, once said to me: "Son, don't ever quit in a corner. When you see that things are bound to happen, come to the open and die like a man under the blue sky."

Despite your leaning and advice to the contrary, we are not going to wait for our respectable and peaceful fellow-nations to be ground to powder by the unspeakable Hun, later to be crushed on our own soil in a purely defensive struggle, nor will we accept the priceless boon of world liberty and fireside liberty, paid for entirely by the blood of fellow-nations.

You may be willing to sponge to that extent on the blood, the courage, the heroism, of other men and other peoples, but I come of a stock that made and drank its own liquor and shouldered its own quarrels. The liberty of all living men is involved, the lives of their children, the honor of their women. That is quarrel enough for me—whether it be now, next year, or twenty years hence; nor will I shoulder the last and hopeless struggle on my descendants.

If I were not a drunken sot, a petty gambler, a drug fiend, and occasionally a Mormon, I'd tell you pre-

cisely what I think of you. I am deterred by the fear that you might possibly possess some virtue that is not mine. I will, therefore, leave the matter to your three million constituents, shortly to become my own.

When I get to the Senate, in the pursuit of and exercising my sacred prerogatives of conscience and judgment, I shall rise in my seat on a question of personal privilege. Thereafter I shall move that the name of my predecessor be stricken from the records of the Senate and that special notice of that fact be served on Bob La Follette and Bill Hohenzollern.

Remember one thing, my able friend: You have been providing all the judgment, all the conscience, all the discretionary power, up till now. Wise man or fool, honest man or crook, intrepid patriot or near-traitor, undoubtedly you are. You have been active enough and positive enough and insolent enough in your attitudes regarding grave matters affecting the nation to fall somewhere within that wide but sharply defined category.

You cannot always continue to furnish those powers of discretion, not-to-be-questioned even by those whom you represent, unless they all speak at once, three million strong. The lane has its turning. The time is fast approaching when your constituents will stand in judgment on your judgment. Then will the last word percolate into the shallow receptacle of that infallible brain.

I wish one final word: There is an alleged rumor

floating around to the effect that you have threatened with personal violence any candidate for your office who might see fit to attack your record regarding war legislation.

With the average man this rumor would appear utterly foolish, but inasmuch as you have done many foolish things indicative neither of vision nor the sensibilities of ordinary decency, the rumor will be given some credence by me.

I desire to observe on this score that it is your public record which is being scrutinized—the record on which you are asking to be returned to the United States Senate. To quote you partially—"In this free land of ours, every citizen of the Republic, however poor and however humble," has the right (I will add) to criticize the sentiments and public action of the man who represents him in a public trust.

If you made the statement alleged, however, the same is an insult to every citizen of the state of Georgia, candidate or otherwise, since it was obviously made, if made at all, in the belief that it would intimidate men whose blood is a blend of the Grist, the Mugwump, the Shawlneck and the Claiborne.

Speaking for myself, I am a mountain man, neither truculent nor noisy. I am not bad, but have been where bad men were, and while I have a few scars on my body, I am still here. My opportunities to do a man's work have been few, and none of these chances have I accepted. My life I hold at its true value, and it

is cheap. Should you press on me a personal encounter, in which one or both of us would go swiftly beyond the great outer Boundary, the country, in my opinion, would suffer no irreparable loss. There are many better men than you or I, dear Senator, lying cold and unburied tonight on the shell-swept fields of France!

CAGE ROWSEY,
Senator-to-Be.

SIR EDWARD GREY
and
G. BERNARD SHAW

SIR EDWARD GREY
and
G. BERNARD SHAW

In the *New York Times Magazine Section* of July 9, 1916, appeared an article by G. Bernard Shaw which purported to be a commentary, serious or otherwise, on the methods and attitude of Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs of Great Britain.

Mr. Shaw approached his subject in a manner so light as to suggest the "otherwise" rather than the serious. To that manner there is no objection. It is, however, the deliberate intention of the writer to deal with Mr. Shaw in kind, with this difference; nothing manifestly insincere, illogical, and unjust will be offered to combat the views expressed in the article to which reference is made. A contrary inclination brings its own reaction.

The reply is somewhat delayed, but the happenings of 1916 are among the most important in the annals of the world, and the attitude at that time of leading public men is a contribution to the history of the period and subject to analysis sometime thereafter. Stray chickens come home to roost. Bread cast upon the water returns after many days.

This analysis doubtless will be rather distasteful to Mr. Shaw. He does not like to be pinned down to a logical statement. Indeed, it would appear that he is often averse to an accurate statement. Mr. Shaw does not care particularly for the blunt and direct bludgeon. He prefers the sinuosities of the French foil.

I am aware that the above statements are so far unsupported. They form at best a premise, a presumption of the novelist's personality, pendent on air and suspended gravity, but within the scope of this article, I intend to prove conclusively that as an accurate writer on moral or material subjects, Mr. Shaw is no more responsible than a ten-year-old child or a hysterical woman.

It is the flash of foil or rapier that concerns him, the sting of its point. The bone and brawn back of the thrust is of small consequence.

An instance in support is offered from Mr. Shaw's article: "Yet what will actually happen is that one day Sir Edward Grey will come down to the House of Commons and inform it that he has just signed a treaty and that if England does not like it she can lump it."

This is mild exaggeration which most thoughtful people will concede after short consideration. I accept it literally and reject it conclusively. Being inaccurate, slightly, it possibly is intended to be humorous. Quite breezy, of course, quite irresponsible, but where is the germ of humor? Perhaps, however, a sen-

tence such as is quoted above, is tossed in negligently to put a literary stamp on this ebullition of wit-and-near-fact, for Sir Edward will undoubtedly go to the House of Commons some day. Nevertheless the "lump it" phrase seems a bit out of keeping, though it is considered a delicate suggestion in Dead Man's Cañon, Arizona. Admitting this, I cannot quite appreciate why a writer who later in his article is so insistent that Sir Edward should always observe the amenities of courtly and diplomatic language, accepting Mr. Shaw's word for the implication, should himself descend to the picturesque vernacular of a western cow-camp, especially in a carefully prepared article for the American public, all of which public does not reside in the wilds of the Southwest.

Now, despite the seeming contradiction, we are told indirectly that the American public hangs on the words, aye, even the very whims of this man of genius, meaning Mr. Shaw. I have Mr. Shaw's own admission to the fact: "But Sir Edward, like myself, is quoted throughout Europe and America; and he should be more careful than I am, because he is the uncontrolled agent of Britain's foreign policy, instead of which he recklessly says things which would destroy my credit forever."

There is so much meat of a kind in this statement, that one hardly knows where to carve out a roast. As a first nibble, I should say that its egotism is somewhat glaring. Secondly, it occurs to me that it is

slightly inaccurate, since Mr. Shaw's reputation is chiefly sustained by recklessness rather than by the contrary. Further, he implies with subtle touch that Sir Edward is somewhat less conservative in speech than himself. On this trifling issue it would be interesting to get a straw vote of 1,000 informed and disinterested persons.

Also Mr. Shaw speaks of the "uncontrolled agent of Britain's foreign policy." There are no agents in Great Britain who do not have to make good and who are not under the effective approval or disapproval of the most independent people on the globe.

On none of the points raised by me does Mr. Shaw expect to be taken seriously—except where he tells the public with truth that he is quoted throughout Europe and America, and as this is his one fact picked from a jumble of statements, it is to be assumed that it carries the merit of his whole attitude—which is to hack blindly at everything English on every occasion offered, with distorted facts, real facts, specious logic, satire, language, and nonsense.

In the above affirmation, to catch the attention of the reader, I have once more placed the cart before the horse with a sweeping assertion which is yet to be proven.

Herewith the proof is offered: I will take the Belgian episode, closed at this late date, but not forgotten. According to Mr. Shaw: "The truth is, as Sir Edward can easily ascertain with his own White Papers,

that each of the three powers consented to respect the neutrality of Belgium *only on condition that the other two did so as well,* which meant in effect on condition that the war did not occur. We must look this Belgian question straight in the face, etc."

(The italics are my own. I use them to mark the point where inaccuracy of statement prepares the way for the specious conclusion which immediately follows—"which meant in effect, etc." This assertion may be nailed flatly. It is a fair sample of that process known as constructing a transition between fact and fiction.)

In affirming the neutrality of Belgium, France and England made no such condition as is alleged by Mr. Shaw. These Powers indicated, however, that they would respect such a neutrality by supporting it if necessary with moral and material forces.

Mr. Shaw attempts to treat the Belgian nation as though it had no individuality of its own, no rights as a nation, no inclinations worth respecting. Belgium is, according to Mr. Shaw, merely a pawn, incapable of expressing a choice.

Let us look the Belgian question straight in the face,—a suggestion which Mr. Shaw alleges as part of his intention, but which in fact he has not the remotest idea of inspecting in so direct a manner. Here are the rough facts—not the quibbling, slippery, plausible facts: Four nations existed in rather close proximity. Three were powerful nations; one smaller

nation, in a strategic position between the three more powerful, elected to consider, through unreasoning fear, prejudice, or perhaps for more conclusive cause, that one of these more powerful nations was a menace to its sovereignty and independence; that the other powers did not so menace it.

As an independent nation, consulting what it believed to be its safety as a nation, it had a moral and legal right to choose its friends, to make treaties with whom it pleased; a more conclusive right perhaps, when such a treaty was of a purely defensive character. The two stronger powers, toward which the smaller leaned for protection, due to mixed motives on the part of the stronger, in which the idea of a bulwark against the increasing power and aggressiveness of a third nation doubtless played a part, agreed to maintain this nation as a free entity among world powers.

Events justified the wisdom of the policy back of this agreement; for the third great power—Germany —when fully prepared, did eventually begin a war of aggression and conquest, after first attempting to drape the outlines of naked issues, and the united efforts of all the nations which had watched the phenomenal rise of Teutonic power, barely sufficed to prevent the execution of ruthless plans, entertained doubtless during many years. The outrages which followed the attempt of Germany to crush the weak friend of France and England, to overwhelm the bar-

rier which separated Germany from her more important goal—leaving blood and fire and horror in her wake, are not matters to be forgotten, except by such a man as G. Bernard Shaw.

The independence of the world was threatened by the Teutons, who held fantasies of conquest never conceived by Napoleon or Cæsar; who prepared for their success with sleepless energy; who executed their early plans with a ruthlessness never experienced before in war since the middle ages.

When Mr. Shaw ignored the real situation he cast a serious aspersion on his own vision and intelligence. With respect to informed men, neutral or otherwise, he must receive one of two estimates: Either he possessed no mental power to grasp; or else he deliberately warped the facts he touched to feed his prejudice against everything English. There is no other niche in which to place this man of letters.

These English, by the way, are those who first recognized the existence of two more crinkles of gray gelatine than is possessed by the average Irishman, and to this extent, acknowledged the novelist and playwright. Since that time he has been "quoted throughout Europe and America," as he himself reluctantly admits when the fact is forcibly dragged from him—by his own voluntary confession. These are the same English who have readily recognized the worth and services of great Irishmen and placed them

in positions of high trust and honor; who made a Jew prime minister of Britain.

There is another point. Examine the following from the conservative though somewhat embittered Mr. Shaw: "We all know that he (Grey) was not prepared for war, for he never is prepared for anything, etc."

Then follows a long involved sentence, the purport of which seems to be that while Sir Edward was in no way prepared for war, and this remissness was traitorous to the allies of England, the Machiavellian Grey *was* prepared and had an iron trap baited and set for the gentle German wolves, for which Machiavelli was to be greatly censured.

It might be well to inquire of Mr. Shaw where lie the real facts: Did Sir Edward, whose duties were not in the line of material preparation for war, make adequate preparation for war, or did he fail to do so? I am aware that this debate is fast degenerating into conversation for the feeble-minded, but I am merely following where Mr. Shaw's statements lead me.

Possibly we are to infer that there are two men by the name of Grey high in the service of the British government—Sir Edward Grey (now Lord Grey) and Mr. Machiavelli Grey. However, there must be still another public man of this name. There are the two Ministers of State for Foreign Affairs, Sir Edward and Machiavelli. There is the Minister-of-War. His name also is Grey.

Mr. Shaw criticizes the British government for having no army at the beginning of the war capable of coping with the Germans, even though at this late date he is by no means certain that the Germans brought on the war. The war was brought on by Machiavelli Grey, who had sufficient energy and ability to set twenty million armed men at each other's throats, but after liberating this catachysm, he failed entirely through unaccountable oversight to provide means to uphold his own end in the bloody dispute.

According to Mr. Shaw, up to a certain period in Machiavelli's career, he was the guiding personality of Europe. Precisely at that high mark, however, he became the foremost chump of his native land. (Pardon the choice of the word "chump." It would appear that "chump" might match well with "lump it." It is the desire that Mr. Shaw should not feel embarrassed by too choice a vocabulary in this review. We want him to feel at home, should he ever happen upon it.)

Mr. Shaw smugly points to his consistency, in that at the beginning of the war he made no statement inconsistent with the principle that the end justifies the means.

No doubt countless millions remember his attitude as stated at that time. Had these millions any better use for their moments of leisure than to wait upon his opinions? The learned gentleman plumes himself on

his impeccable consistency sustained over a period of twenty-three months. Yet in the article under discussion published as aforestated in the magazine section of the *New York Times,* July 9th, 1916, he manages to contradict himself more times than one, and all within a period of fifteen minutes.

Read carefully the following: By the clearest inference, Machiavelli brought on the war; yet possibly he didn't. To quote verbatim: "Or it may be that if the Germans had accepted that invitation to confer Sir Edward would have soothed them, and we should now all be taking our stalls for Bayreuth and our circular tickets for the Black Forest."

Again we will examine the inner mind of Mr. Shaw. "But what is the use of going back to all that now? The Germans did not walk into Sir Edward's parlor; and by this time his obsession with their unkindness has worn out its interest."

It must be appreciated that the "parlor" referred to was the plea of Sir Edward Grey to the German Chancellor not to force the terrible war which eventually required the lives of ten million men.

"Sir Edward's parlor!" "Their (the Germans') unkindness has worn out its interest!

It is by such flippant comment that G. Bernard Shaw offers sure indication of the mind and heart within. The widows, the orphans, the promising lives snuffed out in mid-career, the maimed, the halt and the blind, the ruined cities, starved populations! And

yet Shaw speaks of an *obsession* of *unkindness* which has worn out its interest!

Four million men died in the war after Shaw's article, above quoted, was published. The youth. The flower of the nations. But Mr. Shaw at this time was quite solicitous that eagle wings and vulture talons should not be clipped. Suddenly he becomes humanitarian. He wants peace.

Once more I will quote Mr. Shaw: "And, oh: will Sir Edward never forgive or forget that rude omission of the Central Empires to come and talk it quietly over with him when the fat was in the fire, and every moment's delay, if there was to be a war, was adding an ounce to the weight of the threatening Russian steam roller."

Note "rude omission"! Another touch of cheap flippancy concerning the greatest tragedy of modern times. Also consider "when the fat was in the fire."

What fat was in the fire?

There was no fat in the fire. Nothing irreparable had been done until the Germans invaded Belgium and declared war on France. Statements to the contrary are sheer nonsense.

Also measure this "every moment's delay adding an ounce to the weight of the Russian steam roller." For twenty-two months the Russian steam roller was not able to gather sufficient weight to be an imminent menace to the Germans; yet five or six or seven days would have been fatal!

All of the above statements make us pause to ask two questions: Is Mr. Shaw possessed of third-rate intellect, specious by nature and utterly unable to grasp a logical sequence, or, has he deliberately warped facts and their reasonable conclusions, thus affirming the possession of an unfair and dishonest mind? Make your own choice. There seems to be no third alternative, in view of his above accurately quoted statements, the known facts, and a careful analysis of statement and fact.

To conclude, it is by no means established that the profession of playwright qualifies a man to speak authoritatively on executive matters, finance, diplomacy, or statesmanship.

It *seems,* however, to provide qualification, even though bolstered up by not one particle of practical experience. The people of Europe and America hang on our words—G. Bernard's words. Therefore, with so illustrious an example of the unqualified sticking up words for the public to impale upon, I shall myself make bold to enter the field of education. It is my intention to offer information to the gentleman from Kilkenny. Having had even less experience than Mr. Shaw in conducting the British Foreign Office, since I am not a British subject and have received no honors whatever at the hands of Englishmen, I shall proceed to inform Mr. Shaw, touching a few elemental matters of British policy.

To begin with, Great Britain could not maintain

the preponderating navy of the world and a great army during a long and uncertain period of time, no more than Germany found herself able to maintain the world's greatest army and a navy equal to the British navy at one and the same time. Had Great Britain attempted this feat, there would have been no funds for this war. The longest purse has a bottom.

The Seat of Government of the British Empire is on an island. A great army would provide offensive and defensive strength if required on the continent of Europe. A preponderating navy offers defensive protection of the seat of the British government and for far-flung members of the British family—its colonies. Great Britain many years ago chose defensive protection, evidencing thereby practical sense as well as absence of intention to press a war of aggression on any first-class power. A navy unbacked by a great army is necessarily defensive. It can cripple, if need be. It can embarrass. It can smother. It cannot deliver a heart-blow.

These elementals may eventually be grasped by Mr. Shaw. If honest, perhaps eventually he may even grasp the unmistakable evidence of the diplomatic correspondence during the four or five days just preceding the war. One side was using every means a proud people might adopt to avoid war. The other was bent on having it. Every suggestion of delay or mediation was brushed aside. Shaw, however, gath-

ered nothing from the stark, upstanding facts, because he was taxing more or less capable faculties and all his ingenuity to distort the situation.

What the real motive of this *Times* article was no one can say with authority. Possibly Shaw himself does not know. In America the question was raised as to Mr. Shaw's loyalty. Some persons were of the opinion that he wanted the Germans to win. Such is the impression made by the words of an intellectual when offered to minds of average grasp. This bewilderment was not lessened by the fact that the great man did not himself know what impression he was attempting to produce.

It seems, however, unthinkable that this man of parts wanted to see the proudest civilization of the world crushed; the familiar streets and lanes of his native village or city trod by a brutal and implacable foe. It does not seem possible.

Without doubt this is the view taken by the British authorities; else Mr. Shaw and his ebullitions of wit and humor would have been suppressed.

Mr. Shaw has been permitted many special privileges. He has made and can make statements which the Prime Minister would not care to make; and to use a bit of American vernacular, Mr. Shaw gets away with it. He is not, however, getting away with much at this moment in this review.

Possibly Mr. Shaw considered this life-and-death struggle of the people who had provided him with

bread and with honors as a fitting time to assert his nationalism, or possibly he believed his buzzing, stinging tactics would be a good moral tonic for his government in time of distress. He was trying to do his bit.

Still, my mind continues to revert to the matter of nationality—to the never-ending Irish question. But what was to be gained for the Irish?

What did the Germans care for the Irish, except as one small stepping stone to world conquest! What would have happened to the Irish—and to all other non-Teutonic peoples, once German guns dominated the world! An opposite peace made at Versailles would have been enforced to the last drop of French and British blood. The question of ability to pay would not have been debated until the conquered arrived at the stage of the turnip.

Irishmen of the Shaw type are born adventurers. They are consistent performers—in just one way. Always looking for trouble; always wanting something else.

Over against this chronic malcontent, I can visualize Sir Edward Grey at his work, laboring steadily night and day to keep the fighting ship on even keel; laboring to maintain the struggle until it was certain that the flower of English manhood sacrificed to preserve the entity of a great race, will not, we trust, again be forced to such sacrifice in many generations; laboring incidentally to uphold the freedom of inde-

pendent nations and the present civilization of the world.

There is a difference between a great statesman and a gadfly. By this remark I do not wish to become personal. I am merely searching my vocabulary for relative terms.

THE COUNTER-BLOW

THE COUNTER-BLOW

MR. HENRY L. MENCKEN,
The Baltimore Sun.
Dear Sir:

This is an open letter. In it I wish to pass comment on your recent estimate of William Jennings Bryan, as reported. Says the *Greenville, South Carolina, News:* "What is the cruelest thing ever written? We submit that none exceeds the last paragraph of an obituary of William Jennings Bryan written by Henry L. Mencken of *The Baltimore Sun.* This is it:

" 'Bryan was a vulgar and common man, a cad undiluted. He was ignorant, bigoted, self-seeking, blatant, and dishonest. His career brought him into contact with the first men of his time; he preferred the company of rustic ignoramuses. It was hard to believe, watching him at Dayton, that he had traveled, that he had been a high officer of State. He seemed only a poor clod like those around him, deluded by a childish theology, full of an almost pathological hatred of all learning, all human dignity, all beauty, all fine and noble things. He was a peasant come home to the dung-pile. Imagine a gentleman, and you have imagined everything that he was not.' "

The *Greenville, South Carolina, News* pays you un-

deserved tribute. "The cruelest thing ever written" would suggest paramount talent touching the art of invective, the subtleties of malice, or the secretion of spleen. You have no such ability, in my opinion. I see in your statement spleen, malice, and the evident desire to be abusive. You use six or eight descriptive words, all meaning vulgar and ignorant. There is a certain cheap redundancy in your verbiage, and that is hardly clever. The *News* rates you too highly. An alleged intellectual, you have that peculiar vanity which urges you to display every adjective within your vocabulary. Brevity is properly regarded as the soul of wit and the heart of strength.

Your brand of invective is readily classified as "fluent weakness." Ignorant, vulgar, common, bigoted, self-seeking, blatant, dishonest, and in addition to all this, a "cad." Your published estimate of a man just buried.

If you belong to the Intelligentsia, as suggested by the *News*, so does every paper-eating moth that has marred the leaves of a Webster's dictionary. You have gnawed at and devoured many tinkling words.

Some hard things have been said by you concerning a man who has been in his grave eight or ten days. This is not good form, regardless of the facts or the alleged facts on which your statement is based. It simply is not done.

Harsh estimates, if harsh estimates seem necessary, deal with the character of a living man; or seventy-

five years after his death they sum him up. There is sound reason for this convention: A living man presumably has opportunity to defend himself. Seventy-five years after his death an opinion is likely to be free of personal animosity or bias. It is often a detached statement, the concensus of opinion embodying the weight of known facts. Then, too, after the lapse of so long a period of time, there will probably exist no very near relatives to be wounded by unkind or unfavorable criticism, deserved or undeserved.

In the statement above quoted, Mencken, you have been guilty of an unheard-of act of meanness, and as I firmly believe, of cowardice. The statement made by you would be more applicable to the low-hitting fighter, Jack Dempsey, than to William Jennings Bryan. Kindly say these things about Mr. Dempsey. I guarantee you will not do it.

Mr. Darrow implied that Mr. Bryan was a religious bigot, but he spoke as one man to another—eye to eye and toe to toe.

When you borrow this word of Darrow's (bigot) after Mr. Bryan's death, it creates a somewhat different impression. The lion strikes down a living quarry and eats his fill. The jackal gnaws at a decaying carcass—the left-over kill of a nobler beast.

You speak of "fine and noble things." What do you really know of such emotions? Isn't the phrase to you merely so much sounding brass?

You have seen fit to malign the judgment of a con-

siderable proportion of the American people, who three times selected Mr. Bryan for President of the United States, and attempted to elect him.

Mr. Bryan raised himself to the position he occupied, and the "first men of his time" came in contact with him—associated with him—all except Mr. Mencken. Why did not these "first men" show the same discrimination as did Mr. Mencken? No doubt because they were all sort of common—all except Mr. Mencken.

No one took the trial at Dayton seriously except the peasants of Tennessee, the dung-pile, Mr. Mencken, Mr. Darwin, Mr. Darrow, and Mr. Bryan. Everyone else was smiling, more concerned as to where we are going than from whence we came. Whether or not the saddle-rock oyster was our common ancestor a million years in the past, could add nothing nor detract from our present physical state, nor to the mental state, of any who possessed a mental state. The weather was quite warm. Not much happening. There was an element of humor in this teapot tempest, which the poor clods scattered over the United States appreciated to the full. Certainly it was rather better than no news at all, and the special correspondents had set it forth to the greatest advantage. Manufactured excitement. The spiritual fate of the human race was at stake.

It remained for you, however, representative of a very good newspaper, an alleged intellectual, to scan

with jaundiced eye and supercilious mind the coatless clods, the ignorant peasants, and their rusty old hills. No silk socks except those you imported, no private baths, no Packard cars, no nothin'. Doubtless they had never heard of Boston.

And here was a man who had been Secretary of State, now happy in the company of ignorant ignoramuses, squabbling with a blue-shirted man in suspenders. The atmosphere was most trying to delicate susceptibilities.

Naturally and of a certainty Mr. Bryan was a cad. Was he not pretending he didn't mind associating with plain American citizens; with the men who had loved and trusted and backed him through three national campaigns for the presidency? Any alleged statesman who had so long a memory, so consistent a gratitude, so much real democracy, was without doubt a clod!

That is the reasoning process of an intellectual of a certain type. It is also the attitude of the near-cosmopolitan.

Throughout this vituperative attack on a dead man, your extreme contempt for the Dayton setting is quite apparent; your contempt for the simple citizens of this hopeless community and for their crass ignorance.

These people are quite typical of the great majority of rural citizens of the United States. While our standards of literacy are high compared with most

civilized nations, possibly not more than one in five hundred, in cities or out of cities, have received your educational advantages.

If Mr. Bryan can be termed a religious bigot, with greater veracity you may be classed as an intellectual bigot; or better, an educated bigot. I draw a sharp distinction.

In this attack on Mr. Bryan's memory, your attitude, as stated above, is plainly your attitude toward the average citizen. Your whole statement bristles with the inference. "Clods," "rustic ignoramuses," "full of hatred of all learning, all human dignity, all beauty, all fine and noble things, peasants amid the dung-pile."

This is your attitude toward the majority of your fellow-citizens in this land of the free. Alvin York was one of these ignoramuses. Eddie Rickenbacker may not be as learned in books as an Amherst professor. Even Mr. Darrow wore suspenders and a tie that didn't match. Too bad.

I repeat: Your attitude toward the rural community—toward the class that tills the soil—cannot be mistaken. You look with something more than contempt upon the class that more than any other supports the nation; that more than any other earns its honest bread by the sweat of the brow. You accept your meat and milk and butter; your bread, your fruit and wool, from these poor clods, these barnyard yokels; but receiving, you scorn the hand that feeds

and clothes you; that is the basic rock of our physical existence. The dung-pile!

How far removed are you from such mean and sordid labor? No doubt as far as is Olympus from the lowly seashore where the sand crab crawls.

How did you arrive on the peak of Olympus? I will tell you:

A hundred narrow-headed, presumptuous asses of about your dimension and description assembled in some New York Olympian basement, and after forming the Mutual Admiration Society, created an inner circle known as The Immortals.

That is how the funicular inter-urban brought you to the place where the snow is ever-present. Olympus.

That is how you became a great man. It represents the three dimensions of all that you assume; for no man with a brain above his eyes, by a deliberate display of snobbery and caddishness, would leave himself so open to crushing attack.

The dung-pile. Why do you accept your bread from such human beasts of burden? Are you merely an assuming and bumptious parasite? Can you grow no wheat on high Olympus?

Dumb and without vision, it is not possible for you to understand that the Creator of All Things in his Plan of Life made an important place for every living creature; for the most humble and for the great. It is not possible for you to understand that a simple, unfaltering faith has a certain dignity, even when

founded in ignorance; that there may be music in the running brook and beauty everywhere—for the ear that can hear and the eye that can see. One cannot expect an Immortal to observe the beauty that lies too near. Beauty is only on the mountain top and amid the stars.

And this brings us to the known fact that unusual mental power cannot be developed in a peacock skull. The most elaborate education cannot produce or foster an unusual mind where the germ-plasm of strength is negative. In a least promising aspect, your scholar is no more than a library lizard with a parrot memory. Not so much.

This latter is the category in which your inadvertent admissions place you. All you saw in Dayton was sordid, because you looked through narrow and sordid eyes. To you a vision altogether lovely is the finish of a Pierce Arrow car. No doubt an angel of light is a woman with three coats of pink valspar under three coats of powder. Who wants to gaze on a dirty waterfall a thousand miles from little old New York!

Nor was Mr. Bryan shown in so poor a light, from the standpoint of learning, as you and those like you would have us believe. Kindly bear in mind that the questioner, primed to answer his own questionnaire, has a very considerable advantage. The world is old. Its scope of knowledge is almost infinite. Even the Bible covers a long period of time and a wide area. Had I asked Mr. Darrow if Pharaoh's daughter was

the mother of Moses, he would doubtless have said he didn't know.

It is true the Bible does give the name of the obscure Hebrew woman who was the mother of one of the world's great figures; but by Darrow and by you the statement has been seriously questioned, without doubt. I can see the reasoning processes of these mighty intellects—yours and Darrow's. Pharaoh had commanded that the male children of the Hebrews be destroyed at birth. The Hebrews were increasing too rapidly. The command was a policy of state and not easily set aside, even by the spoiled daughter of the King, who possibly was just as willful as any of our own ten million American flappers.

Daughter knew, however, that some wires were red-hot. Ordinarily she let matters of state strictly alone, and picking up a Hebrew child from the rushes of the river bank was likely to incur her father's very serious wrath.

If, on the other hand, the choice was between a great or a less enduring wrath, what would the princess do?

Had I asked Mr. Darrow how many lions were in the den with Daniel, and whether they were black Africans or the Asiatic breed, those troubling doubts which so fill the mind of the able attorney would again have been in evidence. For the points suggested are two more that he has not settled. He could not

have told me the weight of the stone that killed Goliath, nor can you.

It would not be difficult to get Mr. Darrow and yourself in mighty close quarters over the Bible, if you had to answer offhand. Just because you are both so excessively ignorant or so exceedingly wise.

Personally, I do not believe Mr. Bryan was a practical statesman. His guesses as to what the people wanted were almost always at fault. As a democrat, his positions made many a republican. I felt it necessary to vote against him three times. He was, however, a likable and kindly man. He was also the foremost public speaker in this country at the time of his death, and never in his long public life was he guilty of meanness and cowardice—these impulses actuating him to a false and savage attack on an antagonist just laid in his last resting place.

I have glanced over several of your special articles for *The Baltimore Sun,* slashing at the bigoted Methodists, the ignorant and benighted southerners, the Volstead Act, its non-enforcement, the clods of the Hinterland, the bar-sinister and the possible scandals therefrom. In those articles, the word "yokel" occurs quite frequently. In fact, no matter what the subject, "yokel" is somewhere wedged into the majority of your diatribes.

Some poor yokel in the wilds of Maryland, so we are advised, thirty miles from Baltimore, is arrested by prohibition officers while the higher-ups always

escape. Numerous yokels of the backwoods are now sending their sons to the universities, until it is no longer a distinction to be a university graduate.

These are random samples of the uses to which the word has been subjected.

I am aware of the fact that we have a certain proportion of yokels in America, as in every country where culture is not universal, but where do you find your forelock-pulling peasants? A majority of these American humble folk would create on your sacred person the appearance of last summer's rose, much in decline, were you to offer them face to face gratuitous or deliberate offense.

In my opinion, it might be well to confine your "peasants" to the countries of Europe. The type, as such, is not humble enough over here and not any of them seems to know the exact position of the human forelock.

Yokels! It must be a comfortable feeling to be aware of ingrained aristocracy; or by repeated implication to arrive at the same feeling through a somewhat shorter process. Perhaps it is a superior mental attitude, subject to cultivation.

By a reasonable transition we approach the historic incident I am now about to relate: Your noble predecessor, Henry III of France, last of the House of

Valois, in the year 1588 gave a house-party to the "Three Estates" at the royal Chateau of Blois. Among the castle guests was Henry, Duc de Guise.

Now the Duc de Guise was a thorn-in-the-flesh to the King. He was an invited but a decidedly unwelcomed guest. Perhaps the statement should be amplified. The guest was unwelcome. Paradoxically, he was quite welcome, by reason of the opportunity for his taking-off this visit afforded.

To allay any possible suspicion of the Duc, as to the true status, the King submitted to a solemn ceremony of brotherhood, binding himself to de Guise in bonds of special friendship. These niceties properly executed, the royal host invited the Duc to visit him in his personal quarters of the chateau, which in so large an assemblage of guests was a more intimate gesture of hospitality.

At the western end of the royal bedroom was an antechamber. This somewhat narrow room was flanked by curtained recesses. As de Guise passed through this reception hall alone, under a double—aye—a triple pledge of protection, he was set upon, sword in hand, by Gascon retainers of the King. Sore wounded, the guest retreated into the King's chamber, where he was dispatched near the foot of the royal bed-of-state.

Prior to the Duc's expected visit, King Henry had retired behind an arras at the east end of the great room; from which point of safety and seclusion he

viewed the successful termination of his plot through an aperture between the curtains.

As soon as de Guise had expired, the King came forward promptly, and with the remark, "You are not so big as you thought you were," kicked the dead man's upturned face.

This is an attested record. Of its sort it is possibly the most satisfying of all the annals of yesterday. Not a detail but is well-nigh perfect. There is no real flaw from beginning to end, merely the semblance of an imperfection—the taint of an infinitesimal daring.

What is this taint, you will most naturally ask? What is it on the part of the King of France, accustomed to "fine and noble things"—*noble* tapestries of infinite value; silk garments as *fine* as the furred covering of an Egyptian polliwog—what was it about this incident that flaunts so faintly the red badge of courage, and thereby mars an otherwise perfect drama?

All deeds are relative. Performance gains or loses merit by comparison. Henry III of France, braving possibly a last glance of contempt from the glazing eyes of de Guise, kicked the remains seven seconds after life had departed.

Henry L of America (Fiftieth in the Line of Succession) waited seven days.

What you personally need, Mencken, are better instincts, better feeling, a mind that grasps facts on the outer rim. Such elemental requisites are more neces-

sary to a real gentleman than a Yale or Harvard degree; more necessary than one, possibly two generations of gentle breeding, so called; more necessary than a home in Baltimore and a berth on *The Baltimore Sun.*

"All fine and noble things." Most resounding, Brother *News,* but Mencken did not create the phrase, and the impulses which are supposed to go hand-in-hand with such implied nobility never were his. The phrase, however, has an unctuous and sonorous sound, impeccable in tone. It was intended to suggest the spotless character of him who used it so aptly—a bit of deliberate byplay, a stroke of leering impudence, craftily chosen by this maggot; this ghoul of new-made graves; this buzzard of dead men's reputations!

THE REAL GERMAN VIEW

AS CONCEIVED

BY

THE AUTHOR, HIMSELF

Written November, 1914

THE REAL GERMAN VIEW

Part 1

As one of the instigators of the World War, my son, I wish to outline the various reasons which impelled us to the action we have taken.

Given a definite motive, and we had several such motives, the natural procedure was an even more definite set of plans.

To mature these plans was a matter of some forty years of ceaseless labor and tight-lipped secrecy.

When our organization had finally been perfected; when endless supplies of war material and foodstuffs had been assembled, and conditions of world politics seemed propitious, we struck. We struck like a flash of lightning from a clear sky.

In such an undertaking, life is uncertain. Just where I may be tomorrow, among the living or the dead, no man can assert with accuracy. This record, therefore, has been prepared for you and your descendants. Some part of it may be given out as a message to our enemies. Mayhap it will be a record of triumph, the greatest of all conquests by human forces; but there is always the remote possibility of disaster.

In the latter event, it is my command that later

and at leisure you make a minute study of every preparation and all the conditions at the time the blow was delivered. A hundred years hence, such an analysis might contribute the experience by which to avoid a second disaster, when the situation *seemed* as favorable as now.

Needless to say, our overt acts have not been favorably acclaimed by those whom Prussian policy requires us to crush. Such an attitude was to be expected, but you may give that phase no thought. We have steeled our hearts to every opposition, both material and moral.

For remember: There is no position of right or morality which cannot be successfully combatted, since every question has at least two sides. Constant and unwavering repetition has an inevitable effect on weaker minds, and when heavily backed by material forces, it must prevail, as the law and the prophets.

For all of the foregoing, you need entertain no doubts as to the merit of our ethical foundation. We Germans build from the premise that the END JUSTIFIES the MEANS. Should this premise be accepted as the correct attitude on all matters mundane and spiritual, there will be no difficulty whatever in maintaining the position hereafter to be assumed. Should the premise be denied, and the denial carry with it sufficient practical weight, many disputed matters which would follow naturally under such ac-

cepted premise, are logically thrown into a state of some difficulty.

The Germans not only believe that the end justifies the means as a doctrine of practical living, but following this idea a step farther, they firmly believe in Opportunism. Opportunism is herein defined as a selection of the proper time to effect certain important and desirable results regardless of moral considerations, so-called. This may or may not be the English definition of Opportunism. It matters little. The hour is epochal. We have created new engines of war and peace. We have rewritten International Law. We are shaking the World to its foundations. We shall not permit the English to impose any definitions upon us, even regarding a word of their own barbarous tongue. Two hundred years from the present it may be deemed necessary to formulate definitions and rules of syntax with regard to this dead Island speech. With Latin and Greek, it will be laboriously conned by children and scholars as one of the fixed languages of the past.

But we will proceed to more important matters. Briefly I shall refer to the civilization of the Germans. In Music, in Letters, in Mechanical Invention, in Medicine and Surgery, in Chemistry, in Manufacturing, in Agriculture, in Commerce, in Organization and the Science of Government, the German nation stands without a peer. On certain of the counts enumerated, this claim will doubtless be disputed, but if

in great part it will test out by the rule of the Pons Asinorum, or any other rule, our civilization looms head and shoulders above the civilization of other states.

I grant you that in the Arts we have not been conspicuously foremost during the past thirty or forty years. We have had other work to do, and the genius and energy of our people have been harnessed to ends of more immediate moment. When the necessity for armed men, superior cannon, explosives, foodstuffs, air craft, and immense hoards of gold no longer exist, our Krupps and our Zeppelins shall again by sheer process of will duplicate the creations of Goethe and Wagner, and Emperor William will so order.

The German Nation Is the Superior Race of the Planet. Analyzed to the crucial point of superiority, I place my finger without hesitation. It lies in a more tenacious power of will. This fact (of the existence of this stronger will) may be demonstrated by numerous examinations of average individuals. The power, energy, confidence, and discipline of the German people become still more marked in coöperative labors.

These statements of fact are a summary of much. The will is the point of beginning of all human effort. Effort sustained tends to achieve results desired. Thought and persistent labor, sustained over considerable durations of time, in the end bring about most effective and thorough accomplishment. Accomplish-

ment is the concrete medium of exchange, and following in its wake come Power, Wealth, Happiness, Freedom, Culture, and Art.

It has well been said that Genius is the capacity for infinite labor. An unbending will, discouraged by no ordinary obstacle and yielding with bad grace to the impossible, is the key to German accomplishment, whether it be in Art or Commerce or Manufacture.

We have, however, one recognized vital need—LAND. Not until one hundred years ago did we appreciate the natural superiority of the race, so apparent at this date. Not until forty-five years ago, did we begin to realize upon the discovery. At that time the German peoples effected a united front, after which all things were possible, and—to make use of the inconsequence of the Irish—nothing as yet has proved impossible.

Forty-five years ago the Teutonic nation discovered its one vital lack. That problem is yet our problem—our only unsolved problem. Every achievement of the nation in Manufacture, Invention, Organization, and Material Gain, within the possibilities of German soil and supportable population, has come to us as a matter of course. We foresaw this successful culmination, but the ring of steel which surrounded us on every side became stronger as we became stronger, denying us the God-given right of normal development under the light of the sun.

In defence of certain of the Italian plots which

Shakespeare immortalized, the great dramatist once said, "The tools belong to him who can use them best." Shakespeare, by the way, was more Teuton than Islander. All really great men trace to the German.

The Son of Man laid down the doctrine of the survival of the fittest in the parable of the Ten Talents. The inferior nations have buried each its one talent. We have used to the utmost our five. "To him that hath it shall be given, even more than he hath."

Let this truth be applied in practical instances. Mexico is inhabited by a mongrel native race, an infusion of Spanish, Indian, and in some instances, Negro blood. It is further inhabited by adventurers from other countries; also by rattlesnakes, centipedes, and tarantulas.

The country possesses possibilities of great wealth in the various branches of agriculture and in mining. Given law and order, thrift, and well-applied energy of action, within the bounds of Mexico there could easily exist thirty-five millions of contented and prosperous people, and such would be the condition, were the country in the hands of the German nation, settled and governed by Germans. At present, Mexico is a great area lost for the time being to the arts of civilization and given over to murder, rapine, and pillage; where misery, ignorance, and suffering abound, and the elemental visage of actual starvation is well-known to the terror-stricken inhabitants.

BY WHAT SOVEREIGN RIGHT OF RULE ARE THESE HUMAN SCORPIONS PERMITTED TO ABUSE AND DESTROY A SECTION OF THE WORLD'S HABITABLE SURFACE—A RICH TALENT OFFERED BY THE CREATOR FOR THE USE OF THE EARTH'S ANIMALS, AND DIVERTED FROM THE ENDS INTENDED BY THE PERVERSITY OF DEBASED IMPULSE!

In the United States, which received its five talents and more, we have a case not parallel, but striking enough. The greatest natural resources ever heaped before a people, fostered by the genius of a small portion of them, have been trampled underfoot and wasted by the citizens of the United States. They have wantonly and with gross improvidence destroyed the natural resources of that vast country, and have to repletion exercised every instinct of the Vandal. Spreading forests, untold wealth in coal, oil, metals, the vitality and strength of a fertile soil—it has been the same. Beginning with ten talents, these people are now using five, and while the Americans have risen to the strength of a first-class power, such result has been accomplished by reason of the superabundant advantages and resources which they were not able utterly to destroy in their hasty passage. The coming generation! The coming generation must take care of itself!

Every year the Americans waste in public graft, ineffective laws and organization, sums which cannot well be calculated. Cheap and non-enduring public

works, evidencing the optimism of an uncalculating vision, provide some of them with hand-to-mouth occupation and the remaining population with hand-to-mouth facilities. Their sense of providence is hand-to-mouth. Everywhere the irresolute will, the impulsive intent which seeks the short cut and falls by the wayside before the grind of steady, patient toil, makes its influence apparent. The Americans prefer a short race.

It is reasonably certain that this nation yearly wastes by the incompetence of the public administration of its affairs, sufficient money to maintain the German army and the English navy. Should we win the present titanic contest, we shall not require great armies forever. Nor under such outcome of the struggle, will the English require a navy. Consider the above statements carefully. There is still the shameless waste in timber, coal, and soil, with no offset whatever for even the immediate present.

Consider the government of the Americans for a moment in detail. In many states, they pay the governors of states, their chief executives, from four to five thousand dollars per year as a salary. They pay the sheriffs of each county, of which there are from fifty to one hundred and fifty in a state, from six thousand to thirty thousand dollars per year. It is the duty of the sheriff to shake hands with the rural population. His deputies serve court papers and make arrests.

These people pay circuit judges with jurisdiction

over three to five counties, having power of life and death, with a jury in a minor capacity, presiding as well over trials where large amounts of property are in jeopardy, the munificent sum of thirty-five hundred to four thousand dollars per annum. Under the circumstances, it is not often that these men are equal to their responsibilities. The county clerk of *one* of the counties over which such judge presides, receives in fees and salary, one or both, from five thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars per annum. He is what his office implies, a keeper of records, doing clerical work.

Is not this the extreme of inanity? And if such a recitation is the recitation of facts, who has achieved the best right to the light of the sun?

We have, however, merely scratched the surface of this incompetence. County commissioners and members of the Fiscal Court, elected at random from the people and without technical knowledge or administrative experience, are placed in charge of millions of dollars worth of property and exercise their untrained judgment on all details of a county's administration. These boards are permitted nominal salaries. It is expected that they shall give a considerable portion of their time to public matters.

Under the salary conditions, where, if an official is properly reimbursed for his ability and labor, his compensation must come from outside and unofficial sources, the most effective men will not stand for

the office, as a general rule. The men who do stand and are of necessity elected, in some instances augment their nominal salaries by various means long established, and which vary in proportion to the needs of the incumbent, his boldness and resourcefulness.

The service rendered the public is usually equivalent in value to the nominal salary. For each dollar of augmented salary, there is usually five dollars of waste. This is necessary in order to cover the augmentation, emphasizing the peculiar thrift of a policy which deliberately steers the ship upon the rocks in order to reap the salvage of her broken timbers.

These details are merely cited to indicate how tremendously inadequate is the economic administration commonly supposed to pertain to one of the broader civilizations of the world, as average nations measure civilization. Time, natural wealth, and extraordinary opportunity have weighed the Americans in the balance, and their civilization has been found wanting.

And this brings us to the searching question: What would a nation of pure German blood effect within the bounds of the United States and Mexico!

The answer is inevitable. Where the tarantula and the greaser hold forth, there would be homes—mothers and children, law and order. Where the Americans are every day abusing boundless opportunities, there would be German highways, effective administration of cities, reforested areas, and revitalized soil.

Within the boundaries of these two countries

would dwell three hundred million people, and great stretches of mountain and plain, devastated by former practices of civilization, so-called, exploited by the rule of license, would again evidence a proper respect for the Gift and the Giver. *

Those who are not of German blood naturally ask us why we do not encourage our citizens to go forth into the world when the limited bounds of our country will no longer give support to a virile and rapidly increasing population, and as individuals seek our fortunes and destinies in other lands.

The answer is simple: Aside from our ambition for the race and the possible lust for power of those who rule, such a policy merely delays human approach to the millennium and continues the waste of the world's limited resources by unworthy peoples.

The German who goes forth to seek his individual fortune, by environment is led into family alliance which fails to perpetuate a pure Teutonic race. The amalgam resulting from such an alliance, from the

* This view of American institutions, the reader must bear in mind, is the author's interpretation of the German view. While the author admits certain of the conditions as herein stated to be fact, he most emphatically fails to arrive at the conclusion that Americans other than German, himself included, should be driven into the sea or cozily put to sleep beneath the soil—for the reason that they have not to date made the most of their opportunities. In common with other loyal citizens of the United States, the author believes that with time and ceaseless effort the better feeling and better sense of the American public will eventually evolve a triumph of democratic institutions. Freedom at first inevitably means license, but with the passage of time, the pendulum will at last cease to swing from extreme to extreme.

Americans do not lack initiative, persistence or courage. They are merely too indifferent and too tolerant regarding public matters.

standpoint of a superior race, is wasted issue, encumbering the earth. (Shakespeare and Lincoln are exceptions.) German must mate with German. To effect such a result with certainty, Germans must everywhere live as a nation, increase as a nation, and maintain their national laws, methods, and customs. This condition not only preserves the race uncontaminated, but permits of that continuous sense of discipline, so great a part of the strength and unity of the German people.

The phrase Ich und Gott from the viewpoint of the German is correct. We know that the German and German Kultur exist. We are not absolutely certain about God. Therefore we place the tangible before the intangible.

To the Lutheran portion of the German people, Gott is a name to conjure by, and if Gott really exists, our open acknowledgment of the existence of a Supreme Being is a safe and conservative attitude. If he does not exist, no great harm has been done.

If he exists, we appeal to the parable of the Ten Talents for justification in our most recent undertaking. And if he exists not, we appeal for the time being to the primitive laws of land and sea: Might Makes Right and the Fittest Survive.

We have no feeling whatever in our statement of the issue. We believe that the world was created (if it did not evolve itself) and its limited resources exist by chance or deliberate intent, to give support to the

animals existing thereon; that the more powerful animals must naturally by the laws of existence take precedence; that man has proved to be the most powerful of these animals; that of the genus homo, the Teutons are the most powerful and effective of the most powerful genus inhabiting the globe; that as such, they shall take precedence; that they shall eventually take possession.

At present the resources of the world (no reference is made to this purging war) are being wasted by the improvidence, sloth, dishonesty, and criminal tendencies of inferior races. Permanently to set right these adverse conditions and to give to every foot of soil the world over its rightful value—the benefits of a civilization more perfect than has elsewhere been evolved by any other people—the German nation is firmly of the opinion that it is justified in any means to bring about this result. What are treaties and sundry scraps of paper compared with this looming dimension. In other respects, it is appreciated that deeds must be done which ordinarily would be deemed unworthy of our great civilization; but as Richard III confessed to the Princess Anne, so we plead to the Earth we are drenching with blood: We are spilling good blood and poor blood. We are spilling our own—because we love you so. In the end, flowers will spring from this blood and oceans will bound vast gardens.

The interviews given out by the German ambassador do not properly represent the attitude of our

lion-hearted people. We shall no longer equivocate in the language of hydra-headed diplomacy. Further, there is no occasion for such equivocation, even though we bear in mind that the end in each and every instance justifies the means. We have quite patiently attempted to bring the American people to such an understanding of our attitude as at the moment it seemed wisest to present, in the interest of the ultimate end. These Americans will have none of it. Those who believe in our ultimate destiny as a nation, who are pro-German, required no presentation of argument. Those who were temperamentally hostile, are hostile still.

We may, therefore, with propriety and self-respect, drop the mask. To be direct at last if the German nations win this great war, they will eventually spread the mantle of their civilization over the continents of the globe. They will do this, under the behest of the far-reaching truth of the parable of the Ten Talents, notwithstanding every obstruction and every protest of those ineffective peoples who at present encumber the world.

Should the German nations by any chance, fighting against great numerical odds, lose in this terrible struggle, the civilization of mankind will be retarded by a thousand years.

This statement of our unalterable position being offered—and it has in its every line the ring of truth—we kindly advise our would-be verbal defenders to

cease their libations to the God of Equivocation. Let Dernberg and Münsterberg hereafter be silent, or, like Vikings, defend the strength of our actual position. The Parthian method is unworthy of the dignity of our iron-blooded people. We will no more pander to unfavorable and hostile opinion.

These pen warriors, intelligent and capable though they be, in their extreme zeal for the Cause, apparently have overlooked the known fact that approximately ninety angles exist by which the truth and sincerity of an assertion or an attitude may be tested. These conclusive tests are not necessarily mind-reading feats or the result of intuition. They may readily be reduced to the simple processes of logic, coupled with a fair exercise of memory. For instance, as a single example of this latter assertion, let us take two diametrically opposed positions assumed by the noted psychologist, Hugo Münsterberg, in his recent book, "The War and America" (we quote from page 7), "Now Germany knew that the dreaded hour of the twofold attack against its homes had come. It answered with a quick declaration of war. This was the one act necessary for Germany's defense. Surely, although Germany made the declaration, this is a war against Germany, and it is a sin against the spirit of history to denounce Germany as the aggressor."

Again from page 114: "What choice was left to William II and what blame can fall on him that he did that for which no alternative was open?

"To be sure, he did not wait until Petersburg declared war. If he had, he would have neglected his duty as leader of the German army. As soon as it was perfectly evident that the Czar had decided for war, it was the duty of Emperor William not to delay the fight."

Now weigh the statement on the last page of the book: "Since it has become absolutely clear (from later advices) that the war was started by Russia and France and that Germany was in no way responsible, the anti-German press has suddenly discovered that the question of the origin of the war is 'very unimportant.' Historians will judge otherwise. They will be unwilling to disburden the allies so easily. It is very important to understand who started this war of wars and to know that Germany was loyal to her policy of peace till the enemies actually crossed her frontiers."

It would appear from a careful study of these three statements that the actual declaration of war carried with it little significance and no onus under one assumed fact. Under another assumption of fact, the reverse of that conclusion seems to be the position of the author. In the first instance, cumulative conditions, deeply underlying, carried with them the real declaration of war. In the second and contrary instance, no such conclusion obtains. It then becomes "very important to understand who started this war of wars," notwithstanding the underlying conditions.

Regardless of the facts, regardless of the accuracy of either of these opposed conclusions, when we scrutinize the mental attitude of the author of these quoted passages, the result is unsatisfactory, from the standpoint of the German or from any other standpoint.

An eminent psychologist, possessed of a trained mind, seems to have debased an acute intellect to the offices of a hired advocate, eager to seize any point or crumb of argument which might seem to bolster up the position to which his services were arbitrarily committed. Before this transparency—this quibbling, evasive spirit—the illusion of a big, philosophic mind, discussing earnestly, impartially and with fearless frankness the vast issues involved, vanishes, as possibly the German dream of world empire in the smoke and thunder of Four Rivers.

The foregoing merely proves the assertion heretofore made in this article: There are many angles by which the sincerity of a position may be tested. Cant, Kant, and subterfuge will not woo strength and conviction to our cause.

With regard to the ethics of murder and punishment: Ours is an "incomparable civilization." Our policies and statesmanship possess the same inherent strength as our other departments of progress. German statesmen are not one-move draughts players. They foresaw, and none more clearly, just what the Austrian demand on Serbia meant, and in what it

would result. The fuse lit in Belgrade of a certainty would explode a mine in Paris. We were not altogether certain of a branch fuse leading to London, but the existence of this fuse was to be considered as among the probabilities, and we assumed it as such. Further, the Helm of State did not deceive itself with the belief that ethically the murder of the Austrian heir should be punished by the destruction of the Belgian nation, though this result we also foresaw. We appreciated that the Belgian people were innocent of this murder and that in no event should Authority decree the destruction of a nation to avenge the life of a single man, royal or common. What we did take into account was this: The opportune moment had arrived. The excuse required had been provided. The complications necessary to create a debatable position had at last been added to the preparedness for war. Lastly, that in the interest of world civilization and the history of the globe, a little nation of rather worthy people must be sacrificed in the interest of the preponderating consideration.

Nor need any detached reader smile over the assumption of our destiny indicated in these pages. The territory of Germany shows small on the map of the world, but the two hundred and eight thousand square miles within the German boundaries are potent with dynamic energy. None of the rival peoples, fearfully as they have watched us, have appreciated to the full our strength and preparedness. Not thirty Ger-

mans were able to estimate accurately the fullness of our resources, the power of our machinery of war. But for the unforeseen delay in Belgium and the refusal of Italy to lend itself to the realization of our ultimate ambition, the decisive defeat of France within the first six weeks of the war would now be a matter of record. With France helpless and beneath our heel, England could never have gained a footing in France or Belgium. With the resources of all central Europe at our disposal, despite England's mastery of the sea, we could have continued the war indefinitely. Even more, there is a probability that we could have invaded England itself.

These successes would have enabled the German army to concentrate its strength in the eastern field of war, and the manner in which we have held the Russians with a divided strength, indicates the certainty of the result, had we been able to send stronger forces to meet the eastern barbarians.

Bear in mind that with the defeat of Russia, France, and England, there remain but two other first-class powers, separated by a wide ocean and on terms not over-friendly.

However, the totally unexpected happened. The Belgians offered a resistance upon which we had not calculated. One of our allies proved traitorous at the crucial moment.

Possibly our great poet, foreseeing this war, attempted to advise us when he wrote:

"And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of."

It is a trifle late to consider that warning now, and we pass from the grim discussion of events and of a policy which is shaking the globe to a lighter phase, possessed of some slight humor. Reference is often made by the German press to the "perfidious English." Possibly the world does not appreciate to the full the significance of that implication. It is this: Some three years ago, Lord Haldane and Winston Churchill met certain of our representatives in secret conference. This meeting was primarily at our suggestion. It took place on German soil, within the depths of the Black Forest. The English came, partook of our hospitality, listened to our suggestions and apparently agreed to the proposals we put forth. These proposals had to do with the fate of France and Belgium. Nothing in them bears the semblance of treachery to the French, for we were openly and almost avowedly in the attitude of their prospective destroyers; whereas, these English, after entering voluntarily into a secret pact on which to a certain extent we depended, did so bargain with us for no other purpose than to perpetrate what is known in the parlance of gambling operations as the double-cross. It was a compact, if you will, of thieves,—the last word, the ultima thule of honor. And the English deliberately broke this agreement; thereby exhibiting a perfidy which is double-dyed!

As for the charge with which the Germans are often confronted—by those who shall eventually be displaced in the interest of the earth's limited resources—namely, arrogance of view, we have merely to say that the genus, to which we in common with other races belong, has during the ages of its occupation exhibited this form of arrogance, if arrogance it be.

The Mexican greaser, barely superior to the ape in morality and intelligence, assumes the right to butcher domestic animals, because, forsooth, the domestic beast or the beast in its wild state is supposed to possess no soul. Scientifically, the difference of note existing between the animal, man, and the inferior animals, is a fifth finger so set in the human hand as to afford a higher efficiency than has been vouchsafed any other animal. The other difference worthy of mention is a skull cavity larger in proportion to the bulk of the animal than is possessed by lower animals, and the gray fluid mass within this cavity gives evidence of a more highly developed organism.

Because of the physical differences enumerated, from the beginning of time, reckoned humanly, it has been assumed as a matter of course, by man, that the inferior animals shall become food for the superior. Yet the destroyers of these inferior animals cannot create the life which is thus taken.

So also, by precedent thus established, shall the German people assume to judge where they have the

power to judge, and when a human animal, the inferiority of which may easily be measured by the results it has failed to obtain, obstructs the sunlight, wasting resources without giving a proper account therefor to the Creator of these resources, such animal shall at our pleasure achieve the fate to which the inferior falls heir.

To suggest our attitude concisely, we put two questions: Is it better that a sphere capable of supporting four and one-half billion people in comfort to all should support two billion in partial misery and discomfort, or is it better to people the world with the four and one-half billion, even though such result is obtained through the medium of fire and bloodshed?

The Germans are answering these questions now, and the prophecy of our poet we consign to perdition.

Dec. 1st, 1914.

THE REAL GERMAN VIEW

Part II

Some three years ago, my son, I prepared for you a memoranda touching the Great War. It was my intention to give you a full record of motives, preparations, and execution—for under these three heads, in this particular war, one may learn more concerning statecraft and military science than by the study of any previous crisis in human affairs.

At the time of my first statement, however, there were good and sufficient reasons for a certain lack of frankness. It seemed necessary to suppress guarded facts and motives fully known to me at the time. The reason for that suppression no longer exists; for the war is lost and nothing matters now. There is no longer the tenseness of an uncertainty, nor cause for prudence regarding the future. The end is foreshadowed and our hearts have accepted the inevitable.

But the leveling quality of defeat has destroyed a certain arrogance and brought to the fore a previously dormant conscience. For the first time we have come face to face with the enormity of this—catastrophe—this crime, which has created such loss and suffering; if loss deliberately planned may be termed a "creation."

These three years have brought many changes, both of material conditions and of mind. Events have rushed one upon another. Blows have been given and blows have been received, and these blows have descended with a certain celerity, when one bears in mind the weight of the weapons delivering impact.

As pointed out in the earlier chapter of this confidential paper, we of the military party made every effort to eliminate the element of chance—to no avail. The Belgians offered an unexpectedly *stubborn* resistance. We might have called it *heroic*, had it not proved so expensive to the German cause. The French, who usually try to live strictly within the epigrams handed down by the peerless Bonaparte, in some way became mixed. They resisted under impending defeat with a tenacity not at all in keeping with their character.

In addition, there were the stolid, miserable English. They entered the war much earlier than we had reason to expect. From that period, however, they have in no wise deceived us, since they have conducted their portion of the misunderstanding with their usual stubborn stupidity. They never seem to know when to abate themselves or their efforts. That is their standing reputation, and once they entered the struggle, they began methodically to make good their evil repute. It is not too much to say that the English have occasioned us very considerable annoyance in the past three years. Certainly their attitude is assured.

They say they have been a dominant race for a thousand years; that they will win or die in the open, masters of their fate.

Our Italian ally also acted badly. We had hoped to set up several macaroni factories and ship to them regularly; thereby keeping them peaceful and happy during the period of the struggle. However, they, too, have added the thrust of Brutus to other unexpected events, following our descent from the fastnesses of the Rhine.

At times I almost believe Providence was against our enterprise. Three years and two months ago it seemed so certain of success, viewed from any of twenty angles. It is now proving somewhat disastrous.

In referring to Providence, I said "almost believed." "Almost" is a trifle strong, for, to be direct, our inner circle does not believe in a Creator or a Providence. This is best proven by the oft-repeated appeals to God by our ruler. We never intentionally indicate our thoughts. It is a positive rule to indicate the opposite. The state paper I have here prepared for you is probably the first frank statement made by a member of the junker circle in thirty years. All our training and our instincts are against it.

To express our real belief, however, there is no such force as Providence. There is no such being as God, and where a force or an entity is non-existent, it cannot exert an influence.

It is necessary, therefore, to examine into other causes for the unexpected obstacles which have fallen so untimely across our path.

The fact is we have made mistakes in judgment—errors in initiative, committed *painstakingly* by fifty trained men; errors in policy, after years of cogitation.

These policies, now so generally discredited, had passed as axioms into the traditions of the crew—I mean the national service.

Shakespeare was a German; so also was Captain Teach.

As has been previously affirmed, in my opinion grave errors of policy were committed after years in which to consider our first overt movements. In quick decision following primary action our errors were no less marked.

For instance: Had we avoided striking through Luxembourg and Belgium, it is probable that England's statesmen, though clearly foreseeing our intention, could not have gained the consent of public opinion in Great Britain in time to have saved France from destruction. Had we launched at the beginning such an attack against the whole Franco-German boundary as eventually we launched at Verdun,—how long, unaided, could France have withstood so terrible and continuous an assault by superior forces and facilities?

The result is at least problematical. As a fighting

man, hat in hand I bow low to the French. Their resistance at Verdun will be chronicled as one of the decisive battles of six thousand years of strife. Yet remember, we had in our hand a thunderbolt. We held in leash the concentrated force of all northern Europe.

Our campaigns of frightfulness have also had an effect contrary to that intended. Attacks against the French, the Belgians and the Serbs, in which we encouraged our soldiers to any and every act calculated to strike terror to the hearts of an enemy, especially the weaker vessels of the enemy—this policy by which we believed we could exact abject submission, has failed.

It would seem that it has doubly failed. Often failure is a dead, inert thing, possessed of qualities neither positive nor negative. Our failure to achieve results from the policy of frightfulness has not proven to be a neutral asset. It is the most active inert spirit encountered in our experience, and its qualities are distinctly positive.

Not only have we failed to intimidate the enemies against whom we have directed this experiment, but we have roused the feeling of numerous other peoples, non-committal until our methods laid bare our hearts. Now the whole world is swarming upon us like a hive of angry bees; nor do these new enemies, not of our choosing at this time, claim to be merely angry. They assert the possession of an extraordinary

feeling of outrage. They term us "Huns" and "pirates" and "fiends,"—which bodes ill for the defeated.

Without question we have made grave errors in policy. In the innermost chamber, behind castle walls, this fact is privately admitted.

The advantage of an attack through Belgium in no wise compensated for the more serious disadvantage. For three years we have had the English gnawing at our flank. For two, three, four years more they will maintain their grip, if we continue. The policy of frightfulness has finally brought into existence a situation, at the time somewhat overdrawn by the Kaiser in his earliest public statement following hostilities. Our sword is now *in fact* drawn "against a world of enemies."

We extended submarine warfare until its full possibilities had been reached, well knowing that war with the United States would follow,—and this is the result: The entry of the United States makes certain our ultimate defeat. Had the United States remained out of the war, the complications in Russia in all probability would have permitted us to effect a draw, which would have saved us and merely deferred our momentous enterprise a matter of twenty-five years.

We created international law governing submarine attack after we had perfected the submarine and noted its possibilities under the new law of the sea we were about to enact. It is true that this law in

practice recognizes the principle of "no quarter" to combatants, to non-combatant adults, and to non-combatant babes in arms. This technical difficulty, however, in no wise disturbed us. We had previously met and solved the same difficulty in Belgium. In the previous instance we gripped the nettle firmly.

It is well to be decisive in temperament; it is well to be bold, but forcing the United States into the World War was nevertheless the last of a series of mistakes, which sooner or later will prove expensive. Poor judgment on our part it was. We were not able to synchronize the stored energies of preparation with the active weapon of execution. Providence! Bah!

With a certain amount of lazy scorn we view the efforts of our enemies to fix the responsibility of this war. They proceed with the most cautious and painstaking logic. Bit by bit, thread by thread, they build their web. A most conservative lot. Nothing they leave unturned. They poke their noses into every cranny and sniff before recording one more damning point to show the evil intention of the Prussian.

Ach! How they labor, piling up their grains of sand, making their cobweb, without a broken thread.

They do all this to clear the situation for the numskulls who are ninety per cent of democracy. They make their points guardedly, with conservatism. Conservatism is supposed to be an evidence of strength in reserve. Subjectively, it is merely the evidence of

craft or timidity. Objectively, it is a crumb of fact or a crumb of something fed to a very small fish.

Rather for me is the conservatism of the eagle, which rises from a solid crag of the mountain side and soars boldly where the sky is thick with clouds and the winds of heaven blow.

Instead of "J'Accuse!" with its four hundred and odd pages of intricate logic, crawling painfully from one point of established fact to the next, I shall state the situation tersely and bluntly, and because it happens to be the truth, I defy you, my son, or any living man to detect a flaw in the statement about to be made. I defy such a one to produce a sequence of facts which in any respect will contradict the matters I am about to set forth. I say "sequence" advisedly, since isolated facts can be produced to prove any hypothesis ever offered by the human brain.

To the statement: Many years ago there grew in the minds of those who ruled the German peoples an idea, a fixed idea, a very comprehensive idea. When the work or the sport of the day was over, this idea was touched on. At the hunting lodge, at the end of the chase, over a haunch of venison and a flagon of ale, we discussed it casually, yet guardedly.

Casually we examined and turned this idea; but remember: Within the whim of the least of those who considered this thing so casually, there was life and death to less favored mortals.

The idea slowly grew. At first it seemed an idle

dream, since the chief requisites other than power were boundless ambition and instruments almost monstrous.

Still, the idea possessed an extraordinary fascination. We were rich; we were powerful. We had everything required for personal comfort or the pride of man. Yet it is animal nature to want the thing which is withheld; to want just a little more; to continue to want and never to be satisfied, however great and overflowing the horn of plenty.

From the standpoint of feasibility, consider well the power at our command, with which we had good reason to assume we could achieve the sorrows of Alexander the Great, who wept at last when he came to the end of the rainbow.

In the German people we had the finest bulk of human forging which ever fell to the high fortune of a monarch. By every test of metallurgy, the compound was perfection. Here was a metal exceedingly malleable, though hard as the finest diamond. To emphasize: In flint-like quality equal to the hardest of stones and in no wise brittle; a metal which would neither rust nor corrode; which could be bent in the fingers like sculptor's clay; yet in the flash of an eye would set an edge to sheer through plates of steel.

I speak of the German people as though we of the so-called junker class were not of the same race. You, my son, will appreciate a distinction which we carry in our minds: While we ourselves are German, we feel

a separateness from the rank and file of the nation which only a thousand years of absolute dominance could effect.

We comprehend, however, that as units, the energy of the Germans is more than average; so also have we judged their patience, persistence and courage. We know these qualities well. We have tested them thoroughly by fifty processes. During twenty generations, on threescore battlefields we have exploited the hardihood of the race.

Lastly, accustomed to iron rule, they are peculiarly *amenable* to *discipline*. This last quality made them the possibility they were—a possible means whereby we had hoped to do what Alexander and Cæsar had failed to accomplish, though Alexander suffered under the obsession of accomplishment.

Looking backwards to our lost position of security and power, it is maddening to know how nearly we came to the realization of our dream, and how we risked all and failed. It is my candid opinion we have failed for all time. With us, the star of empire is setting, and setting in a rose-tinted cloud—a deep, deep rose, which is the hue of blood.

Ignoring for the present that which is yet in store, let us glance backwards for a moment and consider the world's problem from the German standpoint, more especially from the standpoint of our class—the ruling class of the various German states. Given such a force as we possessed three and one-half years ago

for conquest and destruction, with bold and insatiable ambition, without scruple or human pity, what would any group of men have done?

Weigh the three conditions as enumerated carefully. *We believed we had the force.* The second and third qualifications we undoubtedly possessed.

With the facts as suggested, every act and every policy of the German empire during the last three years will correlate. As an hypothesis, if you have any doubt, my son, I may say it is at least so plausible that nothing can be found in all our official acts during the past *ten years* to contradict it in any vital particular.

There are those who criticize our unskillful diplomacy during the eventful days between July 21, 1914, and August 3d of the same year. In my opinion, our diplomacy made the most possible of a very awkward situation. The English, the French, the Russian, and Italian governments, apprised by some uncanny sense of our intention, humbled and almost debased themselves in an effort to preserve the peace, or at least to place us irrevocably as the deliberate aggressors. That German diplomacy under the conditions stated, was at all able to becloud the issues, offers evidence of considerable adroitness, together with a superlative degree of hardihood. So well did our diplomacy play its part that it was able to convince the usual crop of cranks the world over, and a portion of

the Irish, that what happened was precisely the opposite to that which *did* happen.

This footing provided moral ground to stand on; that is, it gave us sufficient air to inflate our lungs while we hurled back all charges in the teeth of our victims; in the teeth of our intended victims.

Touching on certain features of the diplomatic situation, it is clear that the allies persuaded Serbia to submit to every Austrian demand except relinquishment of sovereignty, well-knowing that we had determined on war. With diabolical cunning they thus persuaded Serbia, crudely attempting to saddle us with the responsibility of all that followed.

Necessarily our diplomacy had a somewhat stony path to travel when the English, French and Italian governments proposed to Germany that the four states mediate between Russia and Austria over the Serbian matter.

If the difference had been mediated, it would either have been adjusted, snapping the tension; or failing in that, doubtless would have left us in an even more embarrassing position, from a diplomatic standpoint.

This statement is made after mature deliberation; for looking backwards, it seems to me that our prospective enemies had predetermined on some *casus pacis*. This aggressive peace attitude we were compelled to meet. We, therefore, had recourse to delay. Austria refused direct conversations with Russia, and we experienced unaccountable difficulty in getting

into communication with our ally. It was a time when most delicate maneuvering by our diplomatic service was required. The important consideration was time, to be earned by skillful evasion.

Meanwhile our foreign office and the general staff increased the war tension to such an extent as to force mobilization on the part of other states, particularly Russia. This mobilization constituted a threat against us and our close ally, and once the Fatherland was threatened, we knew that conditions had advanced sufficiently to relieve our diplomacy of further strain. Not, however, until we had vigorously prodded the Russian bear to its hind legs, forced it to put up its paws and growl, could our diplomacy draw a free breath.

It was simple—our plan. No one knows whether Serbian murderers or Austrian plotters destroyed the Austrian heir and his consort. Sufficient is it to say that he was not in the best of standing at the Austrian Court, and his death by foul means provided us with the longed-for opportunity to pull the detached trigger which set the huge deadfall crumbling—the civilization of Europe. It gave us the chance to pounce upon the little bear, which brought the big bear to the scene. The big bear was cautious, but by calculated menace we forced a growl from the big bear. We then beat the little bear and brandished our club over the big bear for daring to growl, which forced

the ally of the bear to take a hand, as we knew would be the case.

To drop the simile, fearing the French might decline the combat, we attacked them as soon as they refused to promise to keep hands off. I believe they had also flown an aeroplane over Belgium.

True, the procedure did not place our diplomatic service in the most favorable light, but remember: diplomacy had its orders: at all cost war must result from the Sarajevo incident. Bearing this fact in mind as the key to all that followed, you must admit that German diplomacy evaded, countered, delayed, and seized specious threads of controversy with a skill which was little short of consummate.

As to our place in the sun, we had a place in the sun before the war began. Our place was important and every nation on the globe stood well back from our daylight. We were powerful and the fact was known. No one imposed on us. None attempted to impose.

When, surrounded by a world of enemies, we deliberately provoked a struggle to defend the Fatherland, our attitude was that of a large dog, singling out a smaller dog which happened to be gnawing the only fresh bone. The larger animal approaches slowly, growling ferociously. He is about to be attacked and is attempting to warn off the smaller. Finally in self-defence the aggressor leaps upon the smaller dog.

So far, against all comers, we have maintained our grip on the bones of Belgium.

If I may ask, what law denies our occupation of Belgium? Law—man-made law—is the product of orderly minds and organized force. If German organized force is the greater and more effective force, the present law of the Belgians and the territory they had themselves seized from prehistoric man must be the law which the Germans in their wisdom see fit to offer the Belgians.

Digressing a trifle, what causes me sometimes a moment of idle wonder is the amenable temper of our people. Men of the various branches of science, men of the cloth, other learned professions, great merchants—all to some extent men of genius—accept their orders from those who on the whole are distinctly their mental inferiors. They accept our leadership blindly and unfalteringly, for no better reason than that for hundreds of years they have so done, and the habit, I presume, has become ingrained in the living tissues of the cerebellum. *They* bring immediate genius to bear. *We* bring forward the traditions of strong-arm sires. Needless to say, it is not all tradition. We are ourselves capable of strong-arm methods. We originated the "blood-and-iron" phrase, and with "blood-and-iron," theory and practice, we are entirely familiar.

In this greatest adventure since chance or some passing star dropped seeds of the human race upon the

earth, we should have succeeded but for the unforeseen efforts of some thirty or forty men scattered over the earth, whom I might characterize as great democrats, were it not for the havoc they have occasioned us and our high hopes. They will not be named here, but in England, in France, in Italy, in America, and in Russia, they have cost us dearly.

Only one will I mention—the Russian. What a traitor to vested power he proved! Born of royal blood, he yet preferred to cast his lot with an abstract idea he called Russia—with a concrete swarm of human cattle. He served them well, marching about in snow and rain, spattered to the thighs with his Russian mud—the soil he loved. We could do nothing with him. He even shot one of our secret emissaries.

And now they have deposed him from among them, his peasants, and placed him behind iron bars!

Personally I shall never incur the gratitude of democracy.

Within our calculations we had not counted on the possibility of a decisive defeat. We had thought in any event to make the contest so exhausting that peace could be ours for the mere suggestion. To date, however, nothing has happened according to any previous experience.

As the struggle continues, we have attempted with greater and greater insistence to stir up dissension within the ranks of our enemies. There are so many of little understanding in every country, that fomented

dissension on one ground or another has not in previous wars proved a difficult task; but in our present undertaking, we have to date been completely foiled. In all the centers of democracy, men of a certain subtlety occupy the seats of power. Cleverly and continuously they point to our acts, our sentiments, and the naked situation. All the time their armed forces beat at our battlements without ceasing.

In America, we believed that the thousands of Germans living there had placed for us a Trojan horse in Troy. Our calculations seem to have been falsely based. Many of these Germans have tasted democracy and liked it better than the paternal autocracy of the German empire. (I may say with truth that we were once a paternal despotism. What we now are no man can say.)

Many of these Germans, sent over a decade or two ago with a far-reaching purpose and intent, have remained true to us. Their influence has been felt in the Congress of the United States, in socialist and labor agitation; but as a practical force, pro-German influence is rapidly losing weight, due to the great and intense preponderance of other opinion. In Russia our planting was far more successful. If we could only have harvested as abundantly in other soils!

At present, we are truly fighting for the Fatherland, or if any must have it so, for the pirates' lair. We fight now mechanically, doggedly, without further hope of realizing the end we aimed at.

The Germans are a plodding and methodical people, and nothing better suggesting itself, we shall in all probability continue to sow the seeds of dissension to the end of the struggle; and because we are not easily discouraged, we shall hope against hope that the resolution of our enemies will crumble before the difficulties in their path. Some sixth sense, however, begins to warn us that the hope will never be realized. Still, we continue to offer up human lives with a lavish hand and trust to the unexpected.

It must be appreciated that the blood we are shedding is German blood and the blood of the countless millions of democracy. This latter loss means to us less than nothing. If we could but destroy democracy en masse, men, women, and babes, with one blast of poisonous vapor!

As for the German blood, we regret it. The red fluid which courses in these hulking clods of flesh is dependable, and, therefore, valuable. The women are strong and prolific bearers of sturdy sons. These sons we must depend on in life to harvest the grain crops; to tend the herds of cattle; to build swine shelters and rebuild castle towers; to enrich the nation with commerce; to create new inventions in science; to improve offensive weaponry; to fashion new themes in music and add to the store of our literature. Lastly and most important of all—to man our battlements and bow the neck to their overlords.

In death, after giving full and valiant service of

the heart and brain, we still have their bodies, of chemical value.

As stated, we regret the German blood which must be shed, for it is worth its measure in old wine. Nevertheless, like any valuable article of commerce, it must be expended by its owners with such judgment as God—as fate has bestowed upon them.

Regarding the theory often advanced, that the German people went into this war firmly of the belief that they had been attacked and that their attitude was purely defensive, not much need be said. Permit me, however, to affirm that the Germans went in with waving flags and bunting, as though to a joyous adventure. They went not with the stern gravity of a people who had been attacked at their firesides, with the issue in doubt and the stake—their all.

"Fee, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishmun." The giant was in a fairly confident frame of mind.

I will merely add that ninety per cent of the German people are possessed of some shrewdness and a modicum of intelligence. Two thousand years ago it was considered quite desirable to be a Roman citizen. In 1930, had our great adventure proved sweepingly successful, to be a German would have been equally advantageous. Aye, of much greater advantage; for the gods and conscience of the German government have never impeded its policies. Whereas

the ancient Romans, living in a superstitious and less enlightened age, were wedded to certain narrow confines of action. For instance, the Romans made slaves of a conquered and inferior people. Would it not have been better to have eliminated them entirely? The earth's resources are comparatively limited. Inferior breeds of animals—cattle, swine, and human—encumber the ground.

In 1940, the world, its hemispheres, islands, and oceans, with all the facilities of modern science, might have been the survival heritage of one hundred and twenty-five millions of people. In accord with the suggestion, to have been an humble German in 1940 might have meant much.

A little learning is not more likely to lead into error than a limited vision. The person with a preconceived theory views the plane of the world's past from the mountain crest of the present, and at once fixes his penetrating gaze upon a pinhead. To that minute surface, attracted by some whim of the will, he gives his undivided attention. Nothing else in all that wide expanse—in all the complex facts of history—can he see. Led by intuitive genius, his comprehensive glance catches and holds the pinhead, and there it rests.

Certain deep students of European affairs hold that the World War of 1914 followed inevitably the result of the Battle of Waterloo. At any rate it followed the battle, something like a hundred years

thereafter. Other equally deep wells of knowledge opine that Martin Luther's discovery of Protestantism was the corner stone of this most terrible of wars. Russia's desire for Constantinople and the shaken balance of power in the Balkans are alleged causes, as convincing as other pinhead theory. Also we are impressively informed by the savants that racial antipathy between the Slavs and the Teutons, unquenchable and not to be appeased except by a death grapple of brute forces, is the positive cause of the tragedy which has cast its shadow over the world's civilization. The commercial supremacy of Germany and the bitter jealousy of England provides another theory as to why Great Britain, unarmed and unprepared, deliberately provoked this war.

None of these highly ingenious and improbable hypotheses happen to diagnose the true reason for the present disorder in Europe. The motive—the cause of it all—is so evident and of such a simplicity that with hesitation do I lay it bare. It is this: The swine trough, while long and deep, was neither long enough nor deep enough to satisfy the Prussian appetite. Were it not that one must ever bear in mind the ultimate beneficence to the world which lies behind the chasm created by strife and unseemly violence, with even greater reluctance would I offer the analysis of our national character,—qualities which in blended combination have made us the unusual race we are. The Prussian in truth possesses the heart of the lion and

the stomach of the hog; the eye of the eagle and the beak of the buzzard; the patient brain of the scientist and the dormant lust of the savage. The Gott that created us, our wants and our passions, created a very complex animal—Dr. Jekyl, Mr. Hyde, and the Devil himself. With reluctant admiration I state the facts.

What we wanted was the world. We wanted it absolutely and *in toto;* its resources for our own, its human male population for hard labor, and when past their prime, as fertilizer for rebuilding the soil; the young and comely females as household slaves and concubines. The old, according to their chemical analysis, for the orchard and the vineyard.

There are erudite persons of the double-goggled, owl-eyed type who hold that we wish political dominance of the world. "Political dominance" is a vague term with which to define what we want, or possibly what we wanted. If the weasel which enters a fowl-house at midnight is there to acquire "political dominance," so would political dominance have satisfied us. Our want was simple. We wanted everything. If our want seems a trifle sordid, kindly remember that its magnificence destroys such an accusation. As the weasel, primarily we wanted blood. We wanted blood on the ground ankle-deep. We wanted blood to satiety. We wanted to rouse the terror begotten of extreme violence. We wanted the terror of death to

creep into the hearts of every inferior civilization. "Political dominance!" Uh!

So much for what we wanted. Failing to rend with tooth and fang, we are come face to face with that law laid down some two thousand years ago: He that liveth by the sword shall perish by the sword. When the rabble of the world shall finally overrun our stronghold and crush us into the dust, let it be understood we have no regret other than our destruction. The fate of our women and other property in no wise concerns us. Do with these things as you will. Feed the living to the Hottentots. Make them into broth for the Islanders of the South Seas. At the height of our power we made clear the policy of blood and iron in Belgium and northern France. It is an old adage, "Woe to the conquered." We are great believers in long-established truth.

Returning to the discussion of the property we shall doubtless leave to the oncoming horde, a woman is an animate household chattel and as such should not be injured or broken by the owner. This is an axiom of ordinary economy. Such property is a vested interest and should be frugally preserved. Among the Germans of the lower social order the human females were formerly yoked with the oxen in the fields.

The German woman who has borne and nourished a male German child, later in life bows before the imperious temper of her lion whelp. This fact is one of the most impressive evidences of our Kultur. This

woman, involuntary agent of a higher destiny, recognizing the superiority of her offspring to herself in brain and brawn and in the sight of Gott, accepts with a certain pride and a hint of philosophy her humble place. Our social system has been admirably established.

Among the junkers, lords of central Europe and not so long ago prospective lords of the world, we have always been more considerate than the yokel class to those who in fact by our production do make possible our continued existence as an order. The name of every female of the family is recorded, so that at all times we have for reference the pedigree and identity of each. In some households the women are permitted to breathe as often or as seldom as they choose. In other households, the intake of oxygen is regulated by decree. In this way we keep the weaker sex in a proper and respectful frame of mind. However, in many ways we humor the creatures. We permit them to bedeck themselves with gaudy finery—feathers, beads, and pieces of red, pink, and lavender silk. Some of these woven frills are called perspirators or sweaters. Many weaves of brilliant cloth have in fact been created, catering to the vanity which we see fit to humor. We provide the pretty, silly things with bits of stone and metal, more or less rare, with which they ornament their fingers, ears, and noses. Occasionally they paint their faces, though we do

not encourage this practice of the North American Indian.

Togged up in all their gewgaws, we assemble them at stated intervals and appraise their points, scoring five points for a straight nose, seven for good eyes, three for a pair of slim ankles, and nine counts for a handsome figure. These values being duly established and recorded, we sell off the young stock quietly and reapportion it among our various households. Necessarily to save a few tears and some slight annoyance, we tell the bargainees nothing of these private matters. What is unknown to them need not affect their peace of mind, and we always provide legal and ecclesiastical mummery, impressively intoned. Nor do we forget a few extra bales of finery, plumes of the ostrich and the bird-of-paradise.

Afterwards to keep them fairly content, and to provide outdoor exercise, we have scattered through the empire a few dozen of those elaborate grounds invented by the Ladies of Hell; otherwise the Kilties of Caledonia.

On these golf courses, as provided, our women are supposed to disport themselves; but as usual, everything is subserved to the dominant idea of their existence. So profusely, so heavily, so strikingly, do they array themselves that a Chinese pheasant strutting across the fairway is unobserved. With lace over their fingertips, plumes fluttering on their heads, crimped in steel and whalebone, it is impossible for them to

hit the ball. Also the multifarious color effects distract their attention from the presumptive business in hand. The golf ball and the canary sweater merely offer further opportunity for the only enterprise which to our fair ones is of supreme importance. The female of the human race and the male of the peacock tribe alone know the extent of their ambition.

From the above suggestive outline, it may be readily inferred that we suffer under no delusions regarding our angels of earth. In the scheme of our existence, there is not much place for the authors of our purely physical creation and that of our sons—when once we cease to exist. For the fate of our animate chattels we have little or no concern. I repeat: Do what you will with our birds-of-paradise when we have departed. "After us the deluge."

With reference to our oft-repeated phrase, "Freedom of the Seas," it may be well to state that this combination of words was inspired by a cardinal principle of art. Goethe, our eminent poet, several years ago discovered that implication usually effects a stronger impress upon the mental state than a blundering cudgel of direct assertion. Implication is in the nature of suggestion. Suggestion stimulates the imagination. Imagination warps many a fact.

What Prussian demand desired to imply by reiterated statement was simply this: We and all other nations of the earth are being unjustly, unfairly, illegally, and outrageously overborne by the superior

sea power of Great Britain. That power should be eliminated, if the romantic days of the Spanish Main and the methods of the Viking bold are permanently to return.

A century and a half ago Messrs. Bill Teach, Leon Gasparilla, Absolom Blue-Beard, and Sam Yaller-Whiskers, maritime folk such as we aspired to be, had a similar complaint against superior naval force. This force unjustly exerted strong-arm methods upon the open seas—waters presumably free to every enterprise of mankind from Queen Dido's time to the present.

The above provides the implication. Proceeding, however, an inch farther into our mental state—behind the scenes as it were—what we should consider an ideal arrangement is this: Germany should be permitted to maintain the greatest army on the globe. No other nation should be permitted a superior naval force. This in our opinion is perfect equilibrium. Germany should be left free to sweep over Belgium, France, and Russia at her convenience. She should also be in a position to extend these operations over the seas and import all food and war supplies which she might require in taking the boon of civilization to the benighted countries surrounding her.

Germany created the law of the dry land, this law being agreeable to the Kaiser, to the junkers, and to Gott. Germany, by reason of the prerogative stated,

should also be permitted to write the law of the wet seas.

If there be a doubt remaining, I cite you to natural history, evidencing the mind and will of Gott. The crocodile is master of the African river. He also rules its muddy banks.

I ask you: Is there flaw in this logic?

And now, from measured and deliberate cynicism, I shall pass to an attitude more in keeping with the standards of a laboring world democracy. No longer will I deride. No longer will I maintain an air of bitter mockery; for the day is fast closing, and our house should be put in order. We must look to the fateful hour.

Von Moltke's favorite aphorism was, "First ponder, then dare."

We rulers of Germany, we of the military party, we of the General Staff, faithfully followed the advice of our dead leader. Through many years we pondered and constructed. We were pondering and working to achieve one end. We believed that with such a nation as the German nation, with the enormous resources we were laying by, at the right moment we could crush the world, or so much of it that the unconquered portion would be ours when again we stored resources for the culminating struggle.

In the vernacular of the Americans we proposed the greatest poker game ever played, but our hand was not good enough. The men who guarded the gates of democracy were too strong, and there was too much of democracy. From every continent, from the islands of the seven seas, they came and died before our ramparts; but their blood rose steaming in red mist from the ground, and behind that phantom barrier, countless legions formed. They in their turn came on and died, in the language of one of your great men, "to make the world safe for democracy."

Barring the unexpected, our race is run; the end of all things comes at last. Yet before I vanish forever down the gray corridor that leads to the shades below, permit me a constructive criticism, my sole contribution to a philosophy of government that does not lean on the sword: Democracy is wasteful of its strength, since it is forty per cent ineffective; nor is it actually free. Freedom is a chimera. Its votaries eat of the golden apples of Hesperides and believe they have attained the western gates of Paradise. The vaunted institutions of democracy! The demagogue! The wrecker! Ye pass from one short autocracy to the next autocracy, as the film pictures follow each other.

If democracy could but combine the spirit of its institutions with the effectiveness of militant Germany, the millennium would be at hand. Doubtless such a dream is as impossible as that an unfettered,

irresponsible human will should continue for long benevolent to the creatures which fate, Providence, or the great God entrusts to its care.

In touching on the problems of attempted world conquest, I have necessarily drawn attention to the bulking, looming factors, the larger things. They have been heaped before you in a great mass, boulder on boulder, jagged stone on stone—the problems, the plans, the facts, with which statesmen must deal and in which they must traffic. But the crevices! The crevices in the huge mass where with giant engines we have heaped the boulders are not damp and shaded cavities. They are filled, filled and reeking with the supreme tragedies of a thousand million human beings—in theory at least of such flesh and blood as our own; born under the same sky, warmed by the same sun, breathing the same air, created by the same Gott.

The unfittest fill the cavities—dead, dying, and long dead. The fit also are there, if steadfast courage to the last drop of blood and the last spark of the good sunlight offers the outline of a knight in armor. Here love's young dream has been stilled forever. The callow youth has been taken, the pride of some mother's heart; and the anguish in her breast is matched by the anguish in ten million human breasts. The daughter has been given, and given in a way that drove to madness those who loved her best. The father is gone, leaving the widow and the orphan.

Supreme efforts of the master minds of the race, evidenced by what they left the world in record form—all have been destroyed and the pitiful ashes assist in filling the crevices where the boulders are heaped; heaped there by great statesmen. Great, I again affirm; for by the width of a hair only they failed to loot and devastate the world.

Sometimes, long after the midnight hour, when vitality is at its lowest ebb, even the vitality of the Fiend himself, I have strange twinges of conscience. Of late they have recurred with greater frequency. Seldom a night now passes that I do not find myself staring wide-eyed into the stilly darkness, waked by some vivid and terrible dream. First, these dreams came in the form of gigantic loss and suffering. One skeleton chattered to me through its yellow teeth: "A thousand years of patient human labor destroyed! Half a thousand million people homeless or sent to their graves!"

I awoke, distinctly annoyed; but after consideration I decided it was not feasible to place the sign "Verboten" in the path of a ghost.

On another occasion a black figure stood at the side of my couch and ground out in accents which Von Hindenburg could not surpass—"For the murderers of my people I have the fires ready—the everlasting fires—the fires that burn forever."

I awoke in a cold sweat. This time I was not annoyed. When an apparition speaks in the accents of

Von Hindenburg, the hapless one addressed usually has a sensation not closely akin to annoyance.

Later I hear the hiccoughing wails of children, slowly quieted by cold and starvation. I have seen a serried row of little boys in soldier garb lying where they had met the wild enemy charge without giving ground. Three short years before at some mother's knee each had offered his simple child's prayer. I have seen in my dreams the smile of a dying girl, fading almost imperceptibly, as a last beam of the winter sun slips away. I have seen women and little ones struggling in the cold black waters of the sea. They have strangled before my eyes and sunk into fathomless depths.

Gradually my sleep has become more and more broken. I have no longer that feeling of calm conviction which once wrapped my conscience round like a warm garment. One might think that the Gott of the Prussian would guard my slumbers, but such most emphatically is not the case. I have given this aspect of the matter serious consideration and after elaborate and painstaking experiment, the conclusion has been forced on me that the Gott of the Prussians has been driven off by the God who rules the Universe; which seems to provide the deduction that the God of the regions beyond the Rhine is the God with whom we, in common with all mankind, must finally have our reckoning.

Of late, harassed by day and harried by night, I have begun to feel a disintegration of the spirit. Last night a voice sounded from the solid wall: "The blood of my children cries from the ground. As ye have spilled their blood, ye have spilled my blood."

We have taken millions of human lives, lives which belonged to the Creator of the worlds. It is a fact to give us pause, and to be frank, it is a distasteful fact, an uncomfortable fact. So uncomfortable has it become that at last I am beginning to feel the panic of an unreasoning terror. Gladly would I pray for mercy, for a grain of mercy; but the thought of our crimes, executed with fiendish ingenuity, deters me. God might not hear. God WOULD not hear. If there is mercy for us, Mephistopheles himself should be returned to the streets of the golden city, and take his place with the angels of light.

I have discussed our future fate which deals with the spiritual, reserving for the last that which is most important to a Prussian—our material fate and physical end.

When the time of earthly reckoning comes, shorn of the power which has brought tragedy to the human race, we shall retire to the mountain we have fortified on the rim of the Black Forest. We have fortified it as no mountain was ever fortified in the history of war. Within its mighty caverns stores and supplies of every nature have been placed, abundant

for our needs. Here at last will gather the men of the twenty-two German states responsible for the most terrible war of all time. Here they will make their final stand, neither asking nor expecting quarter. We are stern enough to refuse a boon we should never have given. Besides, our world is slowly burning. For us, not much is left.

In the heart of the mountain mass, almost unshaken by the boom of siege guns, 'midst light and music we will sit at our last banquet. We will sing a good old drinking song. The grottos where the shadows are deep will echo to the full-throated roar of a hunting song. With flagon held high, we will drink to the health of our indomitable leader, as in days gone by. We will drink again to our lost adventure. And when we go out into the cannon's mouth to accept the long sleep, the mightiest organization ever fashioned by human hands will have passed in blood and flame.

January 15, 1918.

THE REAL GERMAN VIEW

Part III

On the very eve of our spectacular ending, planned with such apparent care, our policy has been materially altered. We have in fact decided to stay on earth as long as possible, rather than by melodramatic and foolish impulse to advance the date of dissolution. It is our ultimate decision not further to interfere with the workings of Providence.

To be specific, my son, and to leave you no longer under the strain which the uncertainty of this reversal may occasion, I desire to inform you of our decision *not* to blow up the fortified mountain, nor yet ourselves.

On the contrary, it is our present intention to depart, to shake off the dust of a land no longer an ideal place of security. We will hie to other and more distant parts, since distance in the abstract and security in the concrete at this particular time have a meaning much the same.

The final settlement with our enemies we shall leave to the cannon-fodder who until recently more or less willingly have obeyed our behests. Let them bargain for the best terms they can get. For the nonce,

we resign responsibility, together with the reins of government.

However, you need not conjecture from the above statement, my son, that undue solicitude for the present life has animated this twelfth-hour decision. Nothing, I trust, approaching so base a suspicion will enter your mind.

But I must explain in greater detail: It (the change of policy) came about in this manner: Our brilliant staff adjutant, Colonel Von Besser, at our behest had been making an exhaustive study of the first Napoleon and his career. We rather hoped that some act of his might furnish us with a degree of inspiration in an hour of no great cheer.

Needless to say, we have no love for this man who crushed Teutonic armies at Austerlitz and Wagram; this adventurer who humbled the king of Prussia and forced humiliation on our lovely Queen Louise.

Nevertheless, the man possessed a certain genius, and Von Besser, at command, was attempting to acquire some hint of value.

Of a sudden, guided by intuition, he came upon it. You will never guess in what manner, since it was most signally provided by Napoleon's final and ultimate defeat.

But weigh the conditions carefully: Did not this great general, this idol of a nation, run away at Waterloo, when it was quite clear the battle was lost? Did any portion of his demoralized forces travel away

from there any faster? Did not the Emperor's guard remain and die on the field, rather than flee or surrender?

These questions admit only of affirmative replies; for the answers are History.

Now what was the aftermath? *Who* later received the unstinted homage of an admiring people? *Who* gained the front page in the annals of the period?

Who, I ask?

Was it Napoleon, the victorious commander in many battles, or was it this immortal guard?

On the answer to all these questions hinged our decision, presently to be confirmed or reversed.

To gain, however, a fresh angle of insight, we questioned some half-dozen officers of the French concerning this seeming miscarriage of honor—for Napoleon, eventually the most august tomb in all the World. For the Old Guard—a word of admiration from passing historians. Little or nothing by the French nation to commemorate an act which stands alone.

"Ah," these French captives explained with a shrug and a gesture, "Napoleon was a man of genius; a great commander and equally a great statesman. We have not honored him for qualities which are possessed by every fighting dog of the pit.

"The Guard performed according to expectations. It was at Waterloo as a fighting unit, and there as

nothing else. Many brave men have lived and died, but only one Napoleon."

At this juncture, as before stated, Von Besser conceived a thought well worth recording: "So are the German Emperor and his advisers men of genius," he formulated. "Is not Von Hindenburg the leading military figure of this war, and do we not often suggest to him expedients to which he sometimes lends an ear?

"Why should we imitate the desperate act of this stupid guard, thereafter reaping oblivion, when to hurry away at this awkward moment and return at a later and quieter time is more likely to earn for us the unmeasured plaudits of a grateful country. Whereupon, in due course of events this same admiring populace will erect in our memory splendid tombs, where we may lie in state for a thousand years or more."

For these masterly questions, pointing the way to a saner decision, His Imperial Majesty raised Von Besser thirty-two points in military rank and bestowed on him the Order of the Black Owl; a fitting reward for so happy and well-timed a conception.

Thereafter and speedily, Von Besser exchanged the wings of the Black Owl for the pinions of the roc and flitted away to Sweden, leaving his honors behind.

Later, after due though hasty deliberation, we adopted Von Besser's noble suggestion without a dis-

senting vote. Whereupon we departed into Holland and other neutral states as fast as good petrol made possible.

After all, that was the only sane decision. This business of fighting to the last ditch, even to the death, is better theory than practice. A dog on whose back the fleas still frisk is a more potent factor than a lion whose heart has ceased to beat.

Speaking of tombs and the Invalides, I cannot resist the temptation to impart to you, my son, just what was in our mind regarding the tomb of the adventurer who crowned himself Emperor of the French—had we won to Paris.

Briefly, it was our intention to remove the remains of this man and in lieu thereof substitute at a later date the body of William II, Emperor of Germany. The minor domes and niches would mark the resting places of the six Hohenzollern princes. Joseph Napoleon, Turenne, and Vauban would have been transferred to tombs much less in the public eye.

As for French opinion regarding these changes, a file of goose-stepping Germans on every corner of Paris would have caused the substitutions to seem most desirable. The Gallic heart eventually would have loved this change, if you can appreciate just what I mean to convey.

As for the names of great battlefields in the mosaic of the floor, rising like stars in a crown, most certainly they would not have remained.

This latter removal, a logical sequence, would without doubt have created a further problem: Some major battles won by German troops would be necessary to maintain the overwhelming impression of this majestic resting place.

Where could we find enough victories to replace those won by the adventurer?

It was a question. We are, however, a plodding and determined people. Under imperial order, our historians would have raked with a fine comb the history of the last hundred years, or if need should arise, the last three hundred. Obstacles are never insurmountable.

And while here, my son, is properly the end of our story of a great stake played for and lost, even as this minor enterprise of the Invalides came a cropper, I cannot resist one final digression. It concerns the magnificent Bonaparte, whose memory, as I have previously stated, we heartily despise. There is, however, a worthier reason than mere spite: I know that you and your descendants will never accept with a contrite and submissive heart our present defeat, whatever may be your deportment. I know you will labor from this day forth and plan to a definite end. I know that as your strength slowly returns, your will to conquer will grow proportionately.

And when eventually that feeling rises almost to the danger point; when some overt act of violence would precipitate another cataclysm, I command you,

your son, or your grandson to lift this paper from its musty file and read the dramatic incident I am about to relate to your inner circle of that future day.

This demand is formulated with a definite purpose: I would save you from one of the many errors of judgment made by your father and his friends. We, too, had estimated the French as you will desire to estimate them—as a people whose spirit may be crushed in an instant by sudden and overwhelming adversity. What fools we were! We thought of them as a nation of cooks, milliners, and painters—artists, perhaps, but as warriors—mere manikins in brave uniform.

That estimate in bitterness we had to revise. It was one of the most serious of our many mistakes, and it cost us dearly. To tell you truly, the French do not themselves know what they will do in any given instance, at any given time. Occasionally, in the face of a minor reverse, they act like children. Again, under overwhelming odds, they accept the bitter dregs of adversity with a heroism beyond compare—a heroism that leaves us stupefied with wonder.

Beware, therefore, of the Gallic temperament. It is a snare and a delusion, a gamble in psychology, which the most careful study and analysis will ever fail to grasp.

But to the story—the basis of these remarks; and after careful consideration, judge for yourself.

This tradition concerns the hard-fought Battle of Waterloo, as I had it from my grandfather's knee. I may say the battle was something more than a skirmish, even though it was between French and English.

Our Germans, my greatgrandfather third in command, arrived on the field in the late afternoon. They saw the end of a bloody day, and they witnessed one episode not-to-be-forgotten, even by Prussian officers. It is still recited over winter fires—that thing which happened one hundred and three years ago. So often have I heard it, I can see it as my grandfather told it. I can see it as with mortal eyes.

The English had stood all day, receiving and sustaining every shock of furious and repeated attack. Damn them, these English always stand like that. They were not super-soldiers, the troops of Waterloo, but those in the third and fourth line held firm because they were not under direct attack. The front held likewise, since these men knew that back of them was line on line that would not drift away. It makes it not too hard for troops in direct touch. There is always the feeling of support and security. There is always some friend to close glazing eyes and give one last word of cheer.

But Napoleon's Guard! There were originally three thousand of these men. Perhaps two thousand were left to face the end. THEY HAD NO SUPPORT.

True, their retreat was not cut off, and sometimes

I think they might have been permitted to march away without a scratch.

All about the Guard had been confusion. All about them hurried and disorderly retreat, which gradually became a rout as a mounting sense of utter defeat swept from rank to rank. Farther away, this condition became a matter of single and fugitive flight, until the contagion of mad terror swept over a veteran army as fire through dry stubble.

Like a rock-buttressed island in the midst of a raging current, the guard alone had stood without break or tremor. Its beloved Emperor had hurriedly departed. He had left them as any common fugitive. The splendid army of which they had been a part an hour gone by, was now a disorganized rabble.

The Guard was left, an isolated unit—deserted. Shorn of every support, yet holding firm and true.

Bonaparte has been credited with many sayings which some are pleased to term aphorisms. The following stick in my memory: "The quality of a general may be told in defeat." The second is better known. He was speaking of the French whose courage and faith he had exploited in many successful campaigns—"More than a man in victory. Less than a woman in defeat."

Concerning the first judgment, it is likely the Emperor was right. I am prepared to accept his dictum.

Regarding the latter cynicism, I have my reservations. What of this Guard, for instance?

But perhaps these men were not strictly French. Perhaps they were the reincarnated spirits of many a bitterly-fought and long-forgotten field. Perhaps they were immune to disaster and to fear.

"Less than a woman in defeat!" May kind fortune ever save the Germans from such women!

But for this magnificent guard time was moving on. The shadows of evening were lengthening. The long and endless shadows of all the evenings of the years were at hand.

The sturdy wall of the English lines dominated the rising ground. Black muzzles of the cannon were lowered until every piece was concentrated on that steadfast body facing with closed ranks.

Back of the guns was deep reluctance, and grudging admiration.

But what, my son, can be done with a foe that refuses to accept defeat; that will not retreat and will not surrender; that with bared breast stands waiting, resolved to offer final testimony to all the glories of the past?

Clearly they were expecting the thing that was to come. Ominous was the silence that for a moment held the grim field—save for the moaning of many thousands of wounded. Then came the great honor. In an instant it was over.

A sharp command rang out. The smoke of that

terrible blast slowly lifted—pall of the most impressive salute that ever thundered from the iron throats of war.

The spirit of the Emperor's Guard still holds the Field of Waterloo. Where, my son, is the Corsican?

Written in Mid-Atlantic on S.S. *Majestic* the day Valentino died—Aug., 1926.

TO THE EDITOR OF *THE FORUM*

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Danville, Ky.,
August 12th, 1927

To The Editor of "The Forum":

Two articles of more or less ancient vintage by one of your sub-editors, George Henry Payne, have for me a certain interest due to the fact that the matter contained in these articles and the discussion of them seem to betray the subconscious attitude of your magazine. If my intuition is correct, it is the attitude which those who enter into discussion of whatever nature always attempt to disclaim; an attitude with which every debater desires to brand his opponent—the bugaboo—*intolerance.* It is a most heinous offense, a most crushing charge, from which every pro and every anti flees in terror.

I quote from the fifth paragraph of your article —DOES THE KU KLUX NEED THE JEW?

"What the Imperial Wizard of the Klan writes would not be so important, were it not for the fact that the editor of *The Forum* seems to interpret the Klan writings, leadership, and movement as even more potential in American political life than most of us have hitherto conceived possible."

It is refreshing to observe the faith that your staff writer has in your opinion and the weight thereof, but I am personally somewhat skeptical, since I am aware of no single man in this great country of ours whose favorable opinion would raise an obscure and feeble movement into a potential force in American politics. You are to be congratulated on so loyal and flattering a subordinate.

It is possible that Mr. Payne did not intend to say just what he has said, but as a trained writer he should be able to record his thought accurately.

In the same paragraph he continues: "Speaking as a scholar, the editor naturally proclaims the Klan doctrine of intolerance as contrary to American traditions, but many will be astonished that so broad-minded a man (you, Mr. Editor) is able to visualize a political party,—in this country, day, and generation,—in which an organization advocating intolerance should be a component part."

I further note that Mr. Payne takes it for granted that you are broad-minded—broad-minded beyond the peradventure of a doubt. The fact is without the boundary of dispute. He also admits that you are a scholar. This latter admission is not surprising, but in view of the gentleman's article in the next number of *The Forum* (January, 1926) it is well, in my opinion, to bear his implied assertion carefully in mind.

In this latter number, in an article entitled "Mr.

Lodge and Mr. Wilson," your young editor has this to say concerning the late Mr. Lodge and his obliging qualities:

"No qualified person that I know of has ever disputed his (Lodge's) scholarship, and it is one of my pleasantest recollections that, when I was writing a history of American journalism, he turned aside from his arduous duties as leader of the Senate to assist in correcting an error that had been made by two such distinguished scholars and historians as John Bach McMaster and John Fiske."

Kindly note that while Mr. McMaster and Mr. Fiske had admittedly made an error, possibly even an historical error, they remain thereafter, in the opinion of Mr. Payne, distinguished scholars and historians. They did not on account of one historical slip lose their badges of scholarship.

Now let me quote from Mr. Payne's quotation of Senator Lodge, the opinion of Senator Lodge evidently meeting with the full approval of Mr. Payne, for he prefaces: "When in his (Lodge's) book, he discusses the question of Mr. Wilson's scholarship, he is on *sure ground*. 'Woodrow Wilson,' he (Lodge) says, 'was a man of unquestioned ability' and he 'wrote excellent English'; but he was not a scholar in the true sense at all, although the newspapers were fond of applying that term to him, as they are apt to apply it to anyone who has held a position of educational importance."

"In justification of this statement," proceeds Mr. Payne, "Senator Lodge refers to the mistake made by President Wilson in his speech in October, 1913, at the rededication of Congress Hall in Philadelphia. Speaking of the necessity of getting away from Washington, and getting the 'contacts' with the plain people, who ask for nothing and who 'trust you without their personal counsel to do your duty,' the President said, 'he needs them as Hercules needed the touch of Mother Earth.' "

" 'I need hardly say,' the Senator continues, 'that Hercules, who was the son of Jove and Alcmene, gained no strength from touching the earth, but in his wrestling contest with Antæus, who was the son of Neptune and Terra, that is, of the ocean and the earth, he found that Antæus gained strength every time he touched the earth and, therefore, according to the story, Hercules held Antæus in the air until the latter weakened for lack of contact with his mother earth so that Hercules was able to crush him to death. The story is as popular as it is old. It is in every classical dictionary and in all the books which boys used to read about the Greek mythology. But as Macaulay says in one of his essays, 'I have no desire to detain my reader with this fourth-form learning.' The point is that it seems incredible that Mr. Wilson should have made a blunder of this sort, which not only would be impossible to a scholar but, one would think, impossible to an educated man.' "

There is a certain psychology in the statement concerning Antæus and Hercules. No doubt Mr. Lodge had gained his knowledge of this battle and theocide in early youth. A man of his ability and public responsibility would hardly while away the hours of mature manhood over such twaddle, "in all the books which boys used to read." I, therefore, assume that he remembered the episode because it gripped his imagination. He could not forget it. He reveled in its bloody details. This Hercules caught up the rapidly failing Antæus and smashed him against the ground. He left him there a crushed and bloody hulk, for the scavengers of the air to feed on.

Mr. Lodge read this story avidly. He gloated over it. Fifty years later he remembered every insignificant fact, because he was greatly interested at the time he read of this bloody murder. And why was he so greatly interested? Because the details appealed to his imagination; seed in friendly soil. Because, without doubt, he possessed a primitive and brutal streak of character, not heretofore known or even suspected. Clearly, he must have reveled in tales of blood and violence.

The scientific fact is inexorable. We remember longest and most accurately the incident, episode, or fact which most deeply imprints itself on the faculty of memory. It is the thing of greatest interest which remains anchored.

I regret the necessity of this analysis, but the states-

man from Massachusetts has himself supplied the premise. It is to be hoped that as a loyal and patriotic American, he did not consider Greek Mythology of greater importance than American reality. I trust he did not neglect the epic battles of his own country—the most powerful republic in all history. What Mr. John Sullivan of Massachusetts did to Mr. Paddy Ryan should be no less classic than this bout between Mr. Hercules and Mr. Antæus, who were merely a pair of Greek gods of the second degree. I feel quite sure that Senator Lodge could not have failed to remember what Mrs. Robert Fitzsimmons said to her great husband on the historic occasion when he gave battle to the equally illustrious Corbett.

No American statesman could be either patriot or scholar who was not accurately versed in these details. To borrow somewhat from Mr. Payne, "no qualified person that I know of has ever disputed" such a conclusion.

Mr. Payne, as I have previously advised, approves the sharp criticism as quoted from the writings of Mr. Lodge. He has said that Senator Lodge, in commenting on President Wilson's scholarship, "is on sure ground."

From this article, permitted by you, Mr. Editor, to find a place in your magazine, I make the following observations:

First, as to its title: It is entitled MR. LODGE AND MR. WILSON. It should have been entitled

MR. WILSON AND MR. LODGE, these gentlemen being named in the order of their dignity and degree of performance.

Second, I observe that, in the opinion of Mr. Payne, writing as a staff editor, an error, for whatever reason, in no wise mitigates against the standing and general scholarship of the distinguished Messrs. McMaster and Fiske. I also note that Henry Goddard Leach is accepted as a scholar, and broad-minded as a matter of course. Nor, as your staff man also affirms, has any qualified person known to him ever disputed Senator Lodge's scholarship.

It goes without saying that anyone, so disputing, would be disqualified at once by Mr. Payne. Quite a tolerant position. It has, however, a certain merit. It is calculated to cut off discussion.

For all this, I do not believe that Mr. Payne means to be arrogant. It is merely his naïve way of thinking.

To proceed, however: An historical error by Messrs. Fiske and McMaster leaves them in good scholastic standing, but a blunder possibly of less practical importance by an ex-professor of Princeton University, by an ex-president of Princeton University, by an ex-president of the United States, most certainly should rob him of all claim to scholarship, and even raises the point as to whether he can be considered an educated man. Literate, we grant, but perhaps not much more.

It is quite true that we have had many presidents of the United States who were not scholars; who achieved less in this direction than Mr. Lodge or even Mr. Payne. Our greatest president was no scholar. He did not have a full and rounded education in books, but for a' that, is a pillar and landmark in the path of Time.

Great universities, however, are supposed to fill their chairs of learning with scholars. The fact that Princeton is regarded as a southern university may explain Mr. Payne's attitude; also his certitude. Needless to say, there are few native scholars in America who were not educated in New England. Princeton occasionally plays good football, but really it is too far from the fount of learning to be a factor in culture. Certainly it is not a seat of learning. Every qualified person knows that.

While we are on the subject of scholars, it may be affirmed that the most natural trait of human nature is to enshrine and glorify the qualifications or attainments we possess. But after all, how high in the world of deed and performance ranks the scholar?

I will suggest an answer to the question thus raised by quoting from a certain observation made by me relative to one Henry L. Mencken, described recently by some book publisher whose books Mencken had boosted as "a brilliant critic."

"The most elaborate education cannot produce breadth and power of mind where the germ-plasm of

strength is entirely lacking. In a least promising aspect, your scholar is no more than a library lizard with a parrot memory. Not so much."

A scholar, per se, for there is not often much red blood in a scholar, and I think of it as of neuter gender, is a plugging, appropriating plodder, usually without originality or initiative; a human machine dependent on memory and absorption; an animate blotter, which follows beaten paths with admirable persistence and with the enthusiasm of a high-bred oyster.

To give it gender—a person who seldom presents the world with a gift worth while; but who tabulates the knowledge, the beauty, the creations handed down by the pathfinders of the race. Your scholar is the apt and accurate quoter; also the keeper. Give him his humble, faithful due.

But Senator Lodge says, "I have no desire to detain my reader with this fourth-form learning."

He has already detained us, however, so now that we have paused, we will analyze the damning aspects of this matter at some length.

Personally, I am not a scholar. I am not even an educated man, since all I received was at the hands of a small southern college, where, doubtless, the three R's are about what one should expect down among the miasmas and the fevers; in contact with the Ku Klux and the pistol-toting honor system; forty years

behind in education and fifty years behind in Economics and Manufacture.

For all that, I read my Greek mythology between the ages of ten and thirteen. More important matters have prevented my getting back to it since. It is the type of early and ingenious romance, of interest to a child, but hardly to a grown-up, unless of the moron division. However, I remember very well the Hercules-Antæus bout. I can exhibit this feat of erudition, and can do so without qualifying as a scholar. But if I had not been reminded of the story by Senator Lodge, I might easily have forgotten the accurate details of it within the next ten or fifteen years.

William Dean Howells in a magazine article about a year prior to his death remarked in substance, "with the noblest minds memory fails earliest."

At the time President Wilson made his reference to Hercules he was approaching sixty years of age. Possibly he had not read the story of Hercules and Antæus for more than forty-five years—years filled to the brim with labor, attainment, and performance. Without question he made a mistake in not verifying the details of this so brutal contest. He could have saved his reputation as a scholar by five minutes of investigation. A dictionary of Greek mythology would quickly have refreshed his memory.

Let us ponder for an instant how easily he might have saved himself! It is melancholy; but by such narrow margins are reputations made and lost.

To consider the matter seriously, however, Mr. Wilson should have remembered that with enemies as petty and bitter as Senator Lodge, the slightest slip would form the basis of prejudicial and exaggerated comment.

Mr. Lodge distorts the error into lack of scholarship. It was in fact a slip of memory or a bit of slackness.

There was, however, deliberate malice in the seizure of this straw. The last heaped-on word provides the proof of it. Consider the conditions dispassionately. Here was a man who had held a full professor's chair at Princeton University for a number of years. He errs touching an unimportant point in classical mythology, same being the details of a horribly brutal struggle-to-the-death between two giants who never existed; on which account the question is seriously raised if anyone so inaccurate or so forgetful could possess an education. Would this point have been so raised concerning a professor of Harvard for a like error? I wonder. Did such an error put Mr. McMaster and Mr. Fiske beyond the pale? It did not. An historical error by these gentlemen left them still "distinguished." A qualified person such as Mr. Payne still permits them within the charmed circle.

"Not only impossible to a scholar but, one would think, impossible to an educated man." I am once again quoting the gentle Senator from Massachusetts.

President Wilson had been dead three or four years

at the time the article I am analyzing appeared in *The Forum*. He was a southerner and a democratic president; made president by the deliberate dishonesty of the Republican Party toward its greatest leader.

Any magazine that quotes the opinions of a bitter and quibbling opponent and continues so to do, is merely fostering bitterness and prejudice.

President Wilson had his faults. He had a good many of them. So have we all. Senator Lodge had his faults—quite a number of them, though there are those who will not admit a single flaw in his character.

Would you like to know, Mr. Editor, the composite judgment of the country outside of New England on Senator Lodge—the South, the Southwest, the Middle West and the Northwest? I have heard a great many expressions. Here is that judgment, with or without your request: Senator Lodge was a gentleman in the generally accepted use of the word; a man well educated and of the best of social traditions; careful, accurate, coldly courteous on most occasions, impeccable in manner. He had enough breeding and self-control to measure his language. He was narrow in politics, personally bitter, and implacable. This was an attitude, for he had reserve. Longest will he be remembered as the foremost opponent of President Wilson. Lodge, more than any other man, was responsible for the failure of the United

States to ratify The League of Nations; and that issue is not yet dead. It is merely quiescent.

You may, Mr. Editor, accept that summing up as fairly accurate.

The books of Senator Lodge are interesting only by reason of his position at Washington. He is a scholar, if you please. His literary work is carefully done. He knew the rules of Syntax, but he will never rank as a writer of note. His life is the concrete evidence of what can be created by labor and care from sound material, where the measure of greatness, the spark of genius, has no place.

No, Mr. Editor, INTOLERANCE is the charge which every debater hurls at every opposing debater. And the charge is true in most instances. The ignorant klansman is intolerant of his mental superior. He feels that something is wrong and wants to regulate the country in his own way; and it is not all directed at the Catholic, the Jew, and the Negro. Part of it, in a blind, feeling way is directed at the practice of the Courts, the endless delays of the Law; the hairsplitting of lawyers, whose accumulating and ever accumulating *mis*practices defeat Justice day by day, especially for the poor and those without friends. The American Bar Association, and the professional men individually who compose it, are, in my opinion, more responsible than any other force or influence in American life for murder, mobs, and the Klan. Given English legal procedure and English justice

for three years in America, and you would be surprised at the result, Mr. Editor, despite your wisdom and your general breadth of mind.

I and those like me are intolerant of the Klan because we cannot approve of any hooded order, with all the manifest evils which spring from this practice alone. And yet I cannot but feel a certain sympathy for a policy intended to keep alien and non-assimilative elements well in hand; but not by lawlessness, not by secret terrorism.

The Jew is intolerant. He is working for his race and religion, and only for that. He does not want to amalgamate nor do we want it. The Catholic is intolerant, and he takes his religion into politics. The republican is intolerant. The democrat is intolerant. The New Englander is intolerant and superior. The Southerner, who knows that many public men of note have come from his own land, is also intolerant.

You, Mr. Editor, are intolerant. You know in your inner mind that when you permit your young man Friday to belittle the name of the war president of the United States, with picking, pecking assertions of small weight, but manifestly intended to annoy, you are merely harrowing the memory of a distinguished man and keeping alive political and sectional bitterness. This is the unconscious policy of a magazine which poses as an independent; of a detached publication viewing the entire country as one whole. You are not quite what FORUM implies.

Also remember one other fact: The man who strikes the second blow is not the Irishman who started the fight. I shrink from the admission, but even the writer has his full share of intolerance, though sectionally I can understand North and South better than you. I was born on the LINE.

It is my belief, however, that every man who arrives at a crystallized opinion, drifts into that rigid state of mind termed decision or attitude. His opinion no longer floats.

I will illustrate in a concrete way my own intolerance. It takes the form of criticism,—criticism even of so highly considered a magazine as *The Forum*. I have reached the conclusion that your magazine is insensibly influenced by the viewpoint of New England. As a national magazine of discussion *The Forum* should be impartial. You go too far afield looking for motes; whereas there are beams close at hand. Doubtless as a classical scholar, you remember Æsop's fable concerning the astronomer looking for pits on the moon's surface, and, so engaged, fell into a well.

If you would concern yourself more with the mechanical get-up of your magazine and less with small slips of memory made by statesmen, young Mr. Payne might be more effectively utilized.

In December, 1925, you published a story entitled "Justice," and it seemed so good to you that you slipped in a page or two of something else and again gave us JUSTICE.

The story wasn't subtle; merely vague, fairly done, and pointless. It did not justify one publication. The second in the same number was entirely too much.

In your January number (1926)—I wish to emphasize it was the next number—your printers were guilty of the same inexcusable error in assembling the magazine. You gave us part of an interesting article entitled "Polar Pastures," thereafter skipping to a dry-as-dust discussion by Gilbert Chesterton as to "Why He Is a Catholic."

Nobody cares why Mr. Chesterton is a Catholic, so the less of that dissertation the better; nevertheless these two misprint errors in two succeeding numbers of your magazine seem very careless, haphazard, and down-at-the-heel. It is not easily explained. Two such palpable errors of makeup in succeeding numbers! I am aghast. The good old stock seems to be deteriorating. What can your organization mean by it? Have you no system? Is there no one to check over the magazine for so easily detected a flaw? Why don't you put George Henry Payne to work?

There must be a reason, however. I almost believe I have doped it out. It is climatic. Hovering over those old radiators, with hot water bottles strapped to the middle of one's back, has thinned the good old New England blood. Mayhap the old energy is no longer in evidence.

But remember, every qualified person may not accept this plausible excuse. The alibi may not pass

current. The fact is you have been guilty of culpable carelessness. Very slack. To a certain extent so also was President Wilson guilty in not looking up that Hercules episode. Cæsar's shade! Does it devolve on me to break to you your sentence; for I am not sure that you yet see the handwriting on the wall:

Carelessness, according to Mr. Payne speaking for your magazine, is slackness. Slackness offers irrefutable proof that the grubbing instinct is lacking. The grubbing instinct and the bookworm are as nearly twin brothers as an abstract quality and a worm may be. The bookworm and the scholar are one and the same. Ergo, the alleged bookworm who ever lapses into carelessness in any undertaking, whether reduced to this incomprehensible state by weariness or otherwise, falls automatically from the high estate of scholarship. In an instant, whatever his previous attainments, they become as grass. Now, Brother Leach, do you begin to see the hand of Nemesis?

On account of these two perfectly inexcusable errors of makeup, I hereby relegate Henry Goddard Leach and George Henry Payne to the ranks of ignorance, illiteracy, and dark superstition. As scholars they shall no longer be considered. I regret the sentence. It creates of a certainty a sad situation, but discipline must be maintained.

One more point, Mr. Editor, and I am finished: The name of your magazine is misleading. I realize I

am repeating, but the burr is on a sore spot. As a poultice it is good for your pride of state. "FORUM" suggests a place of discussion, an open plaza where justice for all the people may be obtained; for the poor and for the rich; for white and black and red; for the Jew and for the Gentile; for Yankee and Rebel; for the New Englander and for those living in the unlighted spaces west of Infinite Knowledge.

FORUM: The suggestion provided by this institution from classic Roman days in this instance does not happen to ring true; for the above analysis places you, Mr. Editor, heart and soul and mind.

A great American publication knows no North, no South, nor does it continuously heckle. It endeavors with skill and tact and kindness to heal old hurts; to overcome estrangements and prejudice; to avoid the air superior; to draw the sections of the mighty Republic into common accord; to induce understanding and sympathy; to touch the callus of hardship and misfortune with gentle fingers; to "bind the nation's wounds."

THE MEN WHO HAD A COUNTRY

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TWENTY-THREE hundred and ninety-nine years ago next month, at the rocky Pass of Thermopylæ, Leonidas, King of Sparta, with three hundred Spartans and seven hundred Thespians, held back the Persian invaders, one million strong. While the Greek confederacy was gathering its forces to repel the foe, the pitiful advance guard fought for days; and they died to a man at the Pass, for the sake of country.

One hundred and forty years ago Nathan Hale, the American, was shot as a spy. It was the price of duty to his country, and he yet lives.

One hundred and three years ago Bonaparte's immortal Guard, with five hundred cannon trained on them from the rim of the hills surrounding, and totally without support, refused to surrender at Waterloo. For the honor of France they refused, and when the blast of steel and fire had swept through their ranks, they still held the field—unconquered.

Sixty-three years ago the Light Brigade, six hundred of them, charged two hundred thousand men at Balaklava—charged into the mouth of hell, because they were so ordered; for the discipline of the service and the honor of England. Twenty came through alive.

Fifty-four years ago Pickett's splendid division made such a charge at Gettysburg as has been the heroic record of a hundred divisions during the last three and one-half years, performing a last duty as it was given them to see it.

Fifteen days ago, a French regiment, ordered to hold Kemmel Mountain at all costs, held it at the supreme cost. The Frenchmen died, surrounded by two hundred and fifty thousand German troops, and were buried with highest military honors. Their grave makers were the bursting shells of six-inch guns.

These were special instances of duty performed; of super-souls driven to a last unflinching service for home and country. The race is now as in the years gone by. Those who might well be the greatgrandsons of Napoleon's veteran troops, proved equal in turn to the crisis which Fate imposed on them. Blood is thicker than water, and its red tide carries an unbroken line of inheritance.

Here in America, the Great Republic is roused at last. We are sending our best and bravest—sending them by the thousands—sending them as the sands of the sea; and we pray they do not arrive too late.

What the pride of our strength will do, no man may say, but of this we are sure: they will never return disgraced.

True, they are not seasoned troops, these half-trained boys of ours, gathered with such feverish haste

from broad reaches of mountain and plain, but the blood of fighting sires is in their veins. They will never fail in the hour of need; for they carry our heart and our prayer into the unknown perils of a desperate conflict; into the dim distance of a foreign land.

May they acquit themselves as soldiers. Living or dead, in sickness or in health, may they never know dishonor.

May, 1918.